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Saturday Review

May 29, 1976

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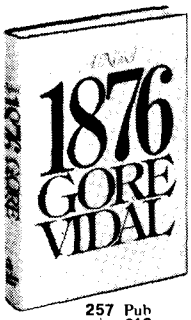

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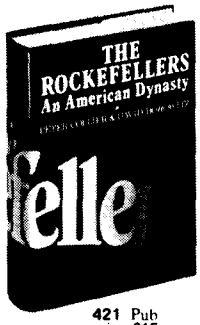

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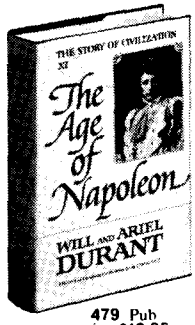

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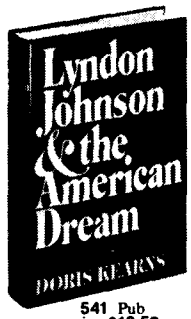

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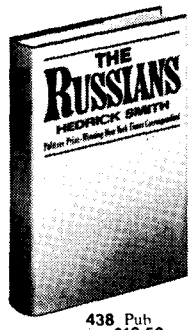

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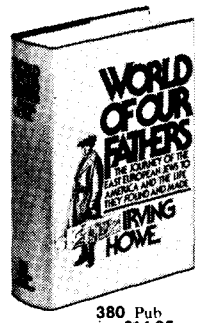

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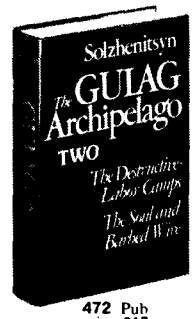

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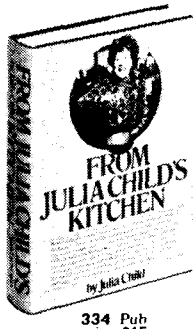

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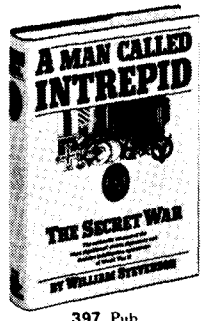

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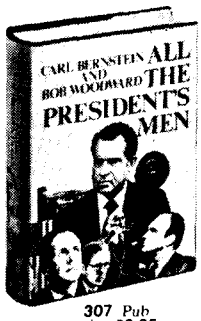

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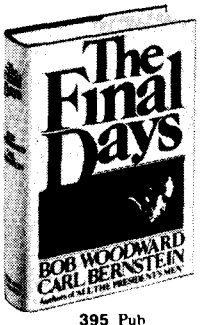

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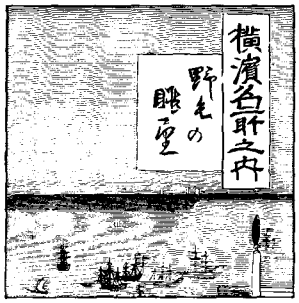

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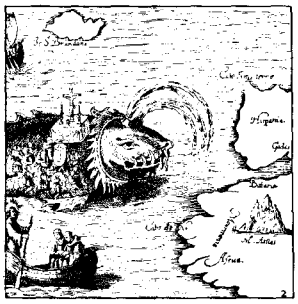

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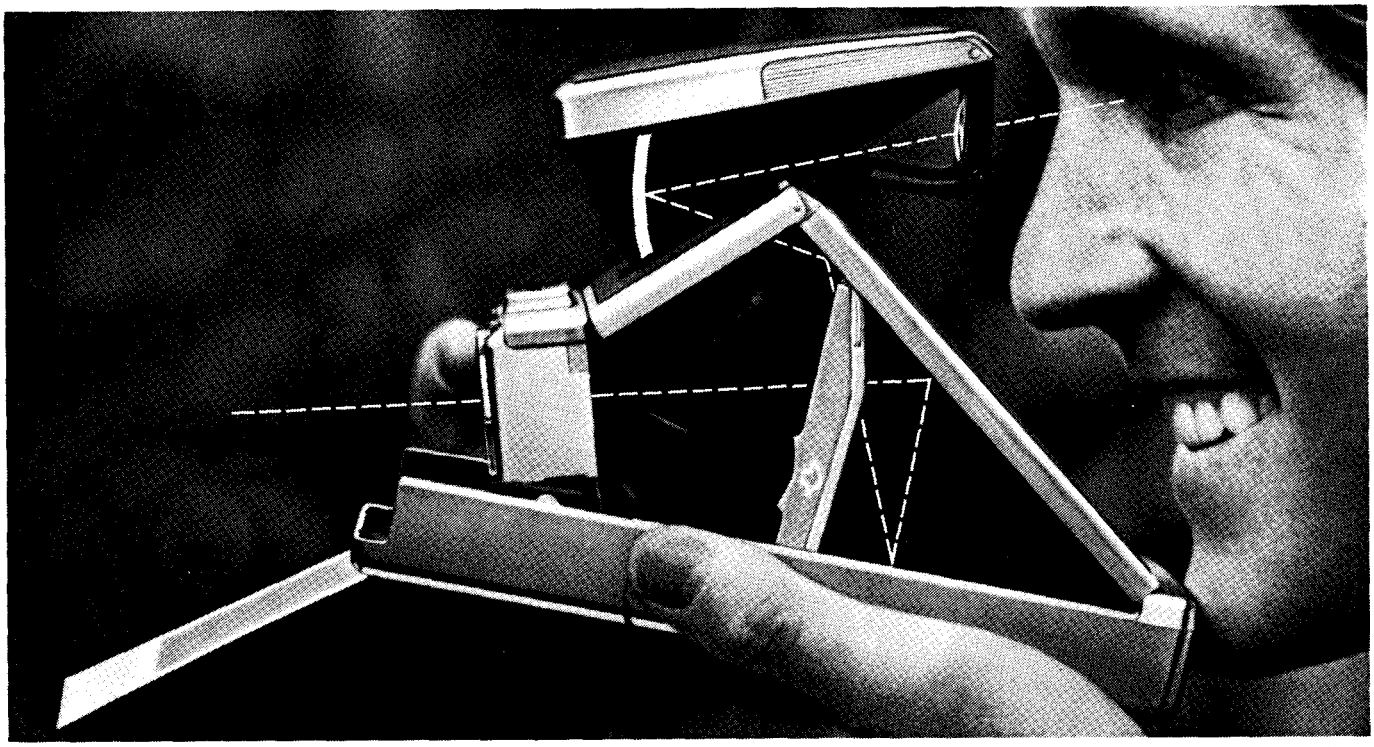

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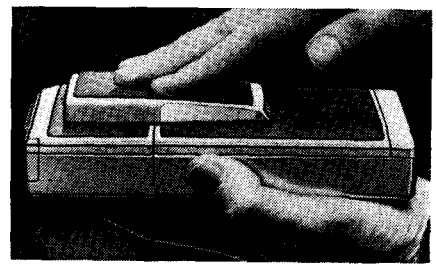

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More Than a Word

President Ford's advisers have counseled him to avoid the word *détente*. Their reasoning, according to reports, is that *détente* has connotations of disadvantage for the U.S.A. and of advantage for the U.S.S.R. Besides, the feeling seems to be that any policy that has to be described by a foreign word must have something wrong with it. The Presidential campaign year, apparently, is not regarded as an appropriate time for clarifying important issues.

It is important for the American people to fix their attention on what détente really means when applied to the relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. Essentially, détente is a new way for each country to look at the other. The old way was based on the inevitability of conflict. The Soviet leaders found enough ideological verification in the doctrines of Karl Marx to support their belief that war is inherent in the nature of capitalism. The reaction in the United States was a mixture of rational concern in some quarters about communist objectives and irrational apprehension in other quarters about the ability of world communism to permeate American institutions and to bend the entire world overnight to its will.

A number of events combined to bring about a striking shift in these juxtapositions. One was the death of Premier Stalin and the attendant passing of the Soviet leaders' devil theory of America. Another was the emergence of basic historical and national divergences between the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China. The Chinese-Russian confrontation has proved that ideology has far less significance in the modern world than do traditional questions concerning nationalist rivalries.

Still another factor in the changed equation of the U.S.–U.S.S.R. relationship has been the presence of new leaders in both countries who have had no difficulty in agreeing that mutual nuclear annihilation is not a sensible expression of foreign policy. On the Soviet side, Nikita Khrushchev and his successors repudiated the tactics and general thrust of Stalin by seeking security not through isolation but through a new understanding with the West in general and with the United States in particular.

On the American side, four successive Presidents—Dwight D. Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy, Lyndon B. Johnson, and Richard M. Nixon—were ready to take advantage of any opening in the Soviet Union that favored a departure from the old antagonisms.

Détente, then, has not been the result of a sudden impulse. It has been a response to a wide range of new realities and is intended to reflect the basic interests of both nations. But a major fallacy is apparent in the way détente is being pursued. Though the United States and the Soviet Union no longer see each other as inevitable antagonists, they have changed none of the other basic policies or habits that have set the stage for war in the past. They still seek peace by trying to maintain superiority in an arms race. They still pursue a balance of power in the world. They still traffic in the affairs of other countries in the attempt to strengthen their own positions.

Some of the strongest supporters of détente have pushed in directions that lead away from détente. Nikolai Inozemtsev, the authoritative Soviet observer, wrote an article on détente that appeared in the April 24 issue of the British magazine *The Economist*. He says in that article that the Western world cannot expect the Soviet Union to turn its back on "the working people in capitalist countries" who are struggling for "liberation." He believes that people must be free "to choose the social and political structure they consider most appropriate to their aspirations."

This is a good definition of self-determination, one that sounds remarkably like Mr. Kissinger's own call for the right of people to a government of their choosing. Yet Mr. Inozemtsev apparently sees nothing inconsistent with that right and Soviet support for a Cuban army in Angola. Is this what is meant by the "right to choose"? The Soviet Union cannot have it both ways. It cannot picture détente as a primary objective of its foreign policy yet still continue its pursuit of a world balance of power.

Similarly, America's denunciation of Soviet and Cuban intervention in Angola and its defense of the principle of self-determination are not consistent with its involvements in Vietnam and Chile.

Détente is in trouble, not because either side has sought to circumvent agreements, but because multiple pressures quite apart from ideology are driving both nations toward the brink. Peace requires more than a mutual desire to pull back from nuclear war. It calls for the development of a world order that can hold nations to a certain standard in their actions beyond their borders.

The fact that it was possible to break from the politics and psychology of the Cold War should encourage people to move in even more fundamental ways toward the building of a genuine peace. The 1976 Presidential campaign provides all candidates with dramatic opportunities to define the new realities and to set the stage for a whole new era. N.C.

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CIA Reform: How Much Is Enough?

by George C. McGhee

The recent report of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities provides an excellent basis for congressional action to reform the CIA. The President's *own* recent reorganization of the agency, however, ignores key issues that must be dealt with by Congress.

The very word *intelligence* is prejudicial in its own favor. Everyone agrees that a government should base its activities on the best available intelligence. The Central Intelligence Agency, which, as its name implies, has been the focal point for such activities within our government, has been brought into serious question. Yet it has important responsibilities which are vital to national security and must be continued. How do we separate the good in the CIA from the bad? How can we clarify, in the public mind, the difference? How can we build a new intelligence structure which can perform the essential functions with public confidence? In my view, the President's executive order has not answered these questions.

The present agency was spawned by the Second World War. It was created at war's end as a "grab bag" not just for the intelligence activities of the Office of Strategic Services but for a varied group of other covert activities. Protected by wartime security, these operations had not been under normal moral, legal, or resource limitations. In retrospect, it was, I believe, a mistake to have included such diverse operations under one umbrella. It was particularly misleading to call it an intelligence agency. Obviously, much of what it did went far beyond any ordinary definition of that term. Moreover, it provided continuity for wartime methods and objectives. War was succeeded by "cold war," with little change in outlook.

It should be understood, of course, that the CIA does not have a monopoly on intelligence. The Pentagon has its Defense Intelligence Agency. The Department of State, comprising some 7,500 people in Washington and 16,000 abroad, is in itself an enormous intelligence-gathering organization, not limited to its Bureau of Intelligence and Research. There is no obvious cutoff point between what should and what should not be done by the CIA. The agency has engaged in many activities, such as support for the National Student Association, because it could get the funds from Congress and State couldn't.

Nevertheless, as we continue to develop our overall intelligence capability, I believe we should also perpetuate an independent intelligence agency as a normal arm of government. There is, of course, the supporting theory that intelligence estimates by such an agency will be more objective in assessing the success or failure of policy. There is also the need for expertise and continuity in particular specialties which can perhaps best be provided by an independent agency. A case in point is the analysis of aerial photographs from satellites.

It must be emphasized, however, that most CIA intelligence gathering is, like satellite photography, quite open and aboveboard. Only the results need be kept secret. Many data are obtained from passive radio intercepts made by the military National Security Agency. Provided one has a place to put one's aerial, intercepts are an accepted tool. Often, however, in the search for intelligence, the line of legality must be breached. Covert means must be employed. Calculated risks must be taken. Spies are used. Someone is paid off. Forced entry is made. We must also protect ourselves—through counterespionage—from similar activities by other governments. In a dangerous world this is an accepted "gray" area in which all nations must compete, including, under appropriate restraints, our own intelligence agency.

BEYOND THIS, however, as everyone knows, the CIA has been engaged in a wide range of covert activities which do not constitute intelligence collection at all; indeed, they are separated by a deep chasm. What I speak of, of course, is the whole array of covert *operational* activities, or "dirty tricks." This includes all secret attempts to manipulate the rest of the world in our favor. This is what was on trial before the Church committee and world opinion. It is these activities which have, by association, blemished CIA's legitimate intelligence function. The principal rationale, moreover, for putting them under the same roof, i.e., that the same agents do both, is not believed to be overriding. Results could be more objectively analyzed by an intelligence successor to the CIA if the two arms were separated, yet closely coordinated.

I was amazed when I came back into the State Department in 1961, after an absence of seven years, to learn the extent to which the CIA had become involved in covert activities all around the world. The Bay of Pigs operation, which lay ripe for plucking on the drawing board, was only one of many. I considered most too risky for the possible meager gains involved. We were operating in many countries. Some were close allies whose friendship we were risking. We were still supporting democratic parties in Western Europe long after the countries involved had recovered economically. Most of our operations were relatively unimportant to our national security.

When a government agency goes operational covertly, there is, of course, a variety of choices. You start by subsidizing foreign magazines and newspapers to influence popular opinion, then progress to support for political parties and discreet bribes to officials. In the past little attention has been paid to such activities; however, this is only the start. With know-how and funds available, you attempt to control elections, bring about the fall of governments, or even assassinate political leaders. On the macroscale this leads to what is, in effect, undeclared war. It was an open secret that in Laos the CIA for years ran a war involving large-scale air and ground forces. The CIA was deeply involved in Vietnam before our military took over.

Where do such activities start and end? What is their proper role? How can they be controlled? I believe that responsibility for covert operational activities must be separated from the intelligence function. These operations must also be reduced greatly in scope. They must constitute the exceptional rather than the usual instrument of policy. Any decision to employ them must take into account the long-range impact on United States and world opinion. People all around the world are now convinced that the CIA is manipulating their governments and people. Americans abroad are suspect as being under "cover" for CIA—our embassies, our companies, our professors, and our tourists. We are paying a high price for marginal gains.

Authority for covert operations must stem from our highest authority—the President—even if he may not always be forced to admit it. Those directing the operations must also be responsible to the Congress, preferably through one joint committee of the two houses. Every

(Continued on page 59)

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Letters From Readers

Education Examined

According to Fred M. Hechinger ["Murder in Academe: The Demise of Education," March 20], education is being attacked from the right and the left and abandoned by the moderate. His article convinces me that his statement should be amplified to include the clause "and defended by the muddlehead."

Nowhere does he suggest the possibility that education's current plight might be at least partially attributable to its own failures. As a teacher of 40 years' tenure I can tell him that more and more students are going to school longer and longer and learning less and less.

Eli P. Cox
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Mich.

The decline in financial and public support for the existing educational establishment is probably deserved, although greatly bemoaned by Fred Hechinger. Even if all those still around who supported the grand expansion of the 1940s and 1950s were now opposed to new taxes, their relatively small number would have to be joined by many recent products of the establishment to create the current crop of budget defeats. This failure of the modern establishment to garner new support argues one or both of the following damning propositions: the recent graduates were well taught and have discerned indefensible weakness in the claimed values of the establishment and/or they were so poorly taught that they failed to discern the proposed true values. Either proposition argues for fundamental changes in the educational establishment. Whether murder is the best alternative is something else.

D. A. Bly
Wilmington, Del.

Fred Hechinger says, "Alert political leaders . . . must join with academic authorities . . . in charting a future that harnesses education's capacities as a progressive social force." That is really scary. Intellectual autonomy is the one thing that the universities must hang on to.

Herb Arntson
Grapeview, Wash.

Fred Hechinger's article is excellent, and I have no desire to take exception to his point of view that education is being badly downgraded these days. However, I think he may tend to emphasize the importance of college training a bit too much.

I'm sure he does not mean to imply that the survival of American democracy depends on a universal right to a college education. And I do not doubt that he would agree that it does depend on universal *adequate* precollege education. There is a paradox in that while there has been a reduction in the quality of primary and secondary education there has at the same time been a growing tendency to take the need for a college education for granted. . . .

William V. Medlin
New York, N.Y.

Fred Hechinger's article was provocative. But I was more than a little surprised that he attacked, rather than supported, some current ideas. Some of my quibbles may be only a question of semantics, but I still don't agree with most of his arguments. . . .

The United States, like all other countries, has never been committed to education. It has poured billions into formal schooling—quite a different matter.

I for one have never understood why extensive formal schooling should be widespread. Most people are not, and never will be, students. (And why should they be? We're supposed to have a pluralistic society.) By the same token, there is no rationale for insisting on certain levels of formal schooling for a job. This has kept a rigid class/economic system in effect; Hechinger is worried that it might come to be, when it's already a fact of life. . . . And the cold, hard fact is that a piece of paper is *not* proof of an educated person.

Bernard Grumet
Willowdale, Ont.
Canada

Fred M. Hechinger replies: The thrust of virtually all those who disagreed with my concern over America's retreat from its commitment to education is that the schools should be doing a far better job. I agree, and said so in my article. But I cannot in good conscience rationalize the dangerous abandonment of an indispensable enterprise simply because it falls short of what ought to be expected of it. The shortcomings of our democratic system as it currently operates are also appalling. I would not, however, want to respond to those shortcomings by retreating from the commitment to democracy. Neither democracy nor education can be put in mothballs until some miracle worker finds a way to make them perfect.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For many years, the cartoon series "Through History With J. Wesley Smith" was a regular feature of *SR*. With this issue the series is reinstituted.

Reprinted from *SR*, June 20, 1964

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It'll never sell, General. You've got to be more modest. You can't start out by saying, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'"

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Fedders heat pump air conditioner cuts winter fuel bills

Saves on summer cooling, too!

The money you save operating your Fedders Flexhermetic II heat pump air conditioner to warm your home in the winter can pay for the cost of operating the Flexhermetic II heat pump air conditioner to cool your home in summer.

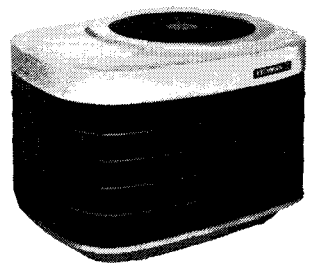
The Flexhermetic II heat pump air conditioner is a single system that performs like two...to provide comfort all year long. In summer it's a super efficient central air conditioner that removes heat from your home at an exceptionally low operating cost and leaves it comfortably cool and dry. In winter the Flexhermetic II heat pump air conditioner is reversed automatically and it becomes a heating system...a heating system that uses the natural heat always present in the outdoor air (82 percent of heat in the air that was available at 100°F is still available at 0°F).

Because it uses this natural heat, the Fedders heat pump air conditioner can achieve dramatic savings in winter fuel bills when compared to straight electric heat. Electric heat has a C.O.P.* of 1.0 and provides 3413 BTUs of heat per kilowatt hour. Fedders Flexhermetic II model CKH024B7A outdoor unit and CFJ024CQA indoor unit provide a C.O.P. of 2.6 at 47°F outdoor temperature or 8874 BTUs of heat per kilowatt hour. It is easy to see how savings can quickly add up to offset the low operating cost of Flexhermetic II heat pump cooling.

The Fedders heat pump air conditioner is exceptionally reliable and efficient because of the Fedders Rotor-H compressor that was specifically designed for heat pump operation. Its smooth rotary motion with only three basic moving parts (less to wear out, less to go wrong), its solid construction, its special low-friction Carblucon™ bearings (this a spectacular engineering achievement in its own right) set new high standards of reliability.

So reliable in fact is the Rotor-H compressor that Fedders makes available a four-year extended full warranty in addition to the one year standard parts warranty. The super-efficient Rotor-H compressor is the heart of a system designed and constructed to match its unparalleled reliability and performance.

So no matter if you're adding on or replacing, Fedders makes central air conditioning and heating more affordable. For more information on how you can save with Fedders, write Fedders Air Conditioning Sales Co., Dept. HB, Edison, New Jersey 08817.



*C.O.P. stands for Coefficient of Performance, the ratio of heat output to energy consumed.

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SO YOUR HUSBAND IS

Off on another business trip.

Alone.

"See you next Tuesday," he says.

"Have a good flight," you reply.

Sound familiar?

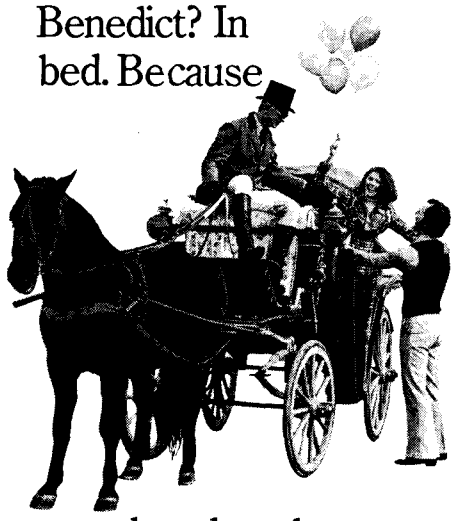
How long has that simple dialogue been going on?

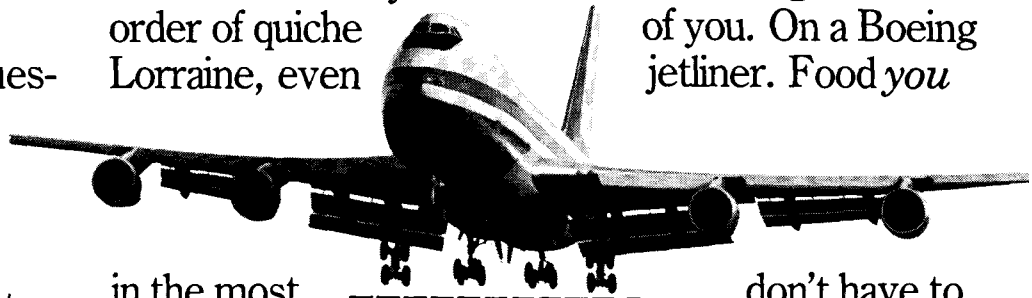
When's the last time the two of you got away? *Really* got away.

Was it a year ago? Five years ago? Or was it as far away as marriage day, plus one?

If your partner is a seasoned traveler, his days away from home aren't a bed of roses. A hotel room at 6 p.m. isn't exactly Times Square on New Year's Eve. And a lonely order of quiche Lorraine, even in the most elegant place in town, will never supplant companionship.

When was the last time you explored a new city while he took care of business? Or the two of you slept in 'til 11? Had eggs Benedict? In bed. Because you closed up the town the night before.





MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO FLY ALONE. WOMAN WAS NOT MEANT TO STAY AT HOME.

There's a whole world out there waiting for the two of you. On a Boeing jetliner. Food *you* don't have to fix. The thrill of a new city, new people, new restaurants, new entertainment and a whole new kind of companionship.

The time to go is now.

Many airlines have special rates this year. There are also night, excursion, thrift and other discount fares.

Man was not meant to fly alone and woman was not meant to stay at home.

And to get you off the ground, we'd like to make

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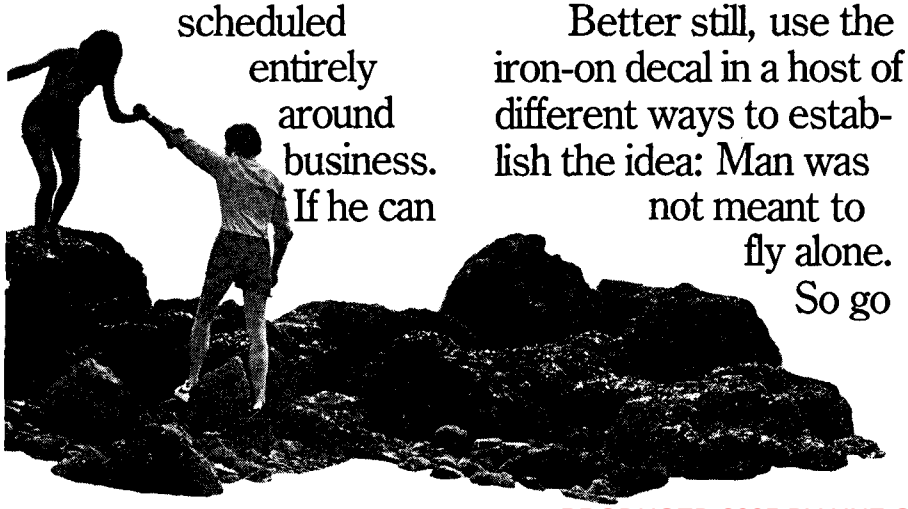
GOING TO LEAVE YOU.

a few suggestions for the year 1976:

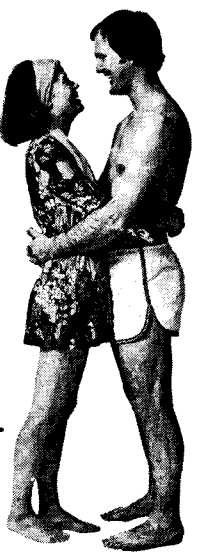
1. It doesn't have to be a sudden fling. The two of you can plan exactly when you can get away. If you go before June

and after September, you'll have a better choice of plane reservations and accommodations.

2. It doesn't have to be scheduled entirely around business. If he can plan his meetings Wednesday through Friday, the two of you can stay over for the weekend. Or take a mini-vacation into Monday and Tuesday.



3. It doesn't have to be a single-city trip. Arrange a stopover flight on the way back. Your travel agent or airline can help you here.



Share this idea with your partner in travel. Clip the reminder in this advertisement as a not-so-gentle hint.

Better still, use the iron-on decal in a host of different ways to establish the idea: Man was not meant to fly alone. So go do it! Don't wait around. Wives have been

known to grow ten years younger on trips with their husbands. And vice versa.

There's a Boeing jetliner waiting to take you anywhere in the world.

Woman: unground thyself.

BOEING

Getting people together.

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World Progress Report

Reinventing the Wheel

For disabled people who are confined to wheelchairs, either temporarily or permanently, the ultimate irony may be that they have to work harder sitting down than other people do standing up. As a machine for human locomotion, according to recent studies by Dr. Roger Glaser and a team of researchers at the new Wright State University School of Medicine, in Dayton, Ohio, the familiar, patient-operated wheelchair is only 5 percent efficient in terms of work performed per quantity of oxygen consumed. Ordinary walking has a 25 percent efficiency.

The result is that wheelchair-bound patients, in addition to their primary disability, have the added disadvantage of straining to keep pace with the pedestrian world. "There's plenty of evidence," says Dr. Glaser, "that wheelchair operation can be hazardous to the health of some patients, especially those with circulatory or respiratory diseases." And while electric wheelchairs are the answer for some patients, Dr. Glaser points out that they are expensive and heavy, and they discourage patients from maintaining and improving their physical fitness.

Under grants from the American Heart Association and other sources, the Wright State researchers are working on both the patient and the wheelchair. "Right now," Glaser points out, "there are no widely accepted training programs for wheelchair patients." The group is working toward a program that will strengthen the small muscles of the upper torso, which are not designed for the heavy work of locomotion but which are all the wheelchair patient has to power his vehicle. Glaser's group is also looking for improvements in the design of wheelchairs, which have not changed very much since their invention, to make them more efficient people movers.

Big Blue Marble

It doesn't take a neurologist to diagnose brain damage in children who watch a lot of television. The damage doesn't show up in electrical brain waves or tissue: it is the mind that is afflicted, not the physical organ, by the violence, deception, perversion, and plain simplemindedness of standard TV entertainment.

Last year, however, the few oases in the wasteland of children's television were joined by a new program devoted to increasing children's appreciation of the diversity and cultural values of other nations. Called "Big Blue Marble"—the astronaut's phrase for the earth as seen whole from outer space—the show is underwritten by a single corporate sponsor, ITT, which gets only a modest screen credit and offers the program free to any station that will run it without commercial interruptions. So far, "Big Blue Marble" has been picked up by more than 135 channels in the United States, as well as by 22 channels in other countries.

Each episode of the show is built around visits to children in at least three different countries. The segments are filmed by globe-trotting professional camera crews, but the point of view is that of the children, who provide the narration. The show goes anywhere in the world to show anything that children do in their normal lives: exploring a cave in France, milking goats in Switzerland, shining shoes to eke out the family income in Colombia. "Big Blue Marble" viewers have also met a young table-tennis champion in Singapore and have participated in an international frog-jumping contest in California.

Between the major segments, the show offers an assortment of regular features, including animated folktales from many countries, simple cooking lessons in various cuisines, and even a pen-pal service. The only stated prejudice of "Big Blue Marble" is for global understanding, and its only taboo subject is gratuitous violence.

Good Neighbors

The earthquake that devastated Guatemala last February provided a telling demonstration of the effectiveness of a people-to-people aid organization called World Neighbors. Established more than 20 years ago, World Neighbors works with local leaders in developing countries on food production, family planning, public health, and industrial development.

When disaster struck in Guatemala, however, World Neighbors turned its energies to immediate relief work. After establishing the first radio communication with the stricken area, World Neighbors organized a 14-member medical team, which was in Guatemala within days of the earthquake. The group followed up with modest but vital economic first aid: $25,000 in ready working funds for government rehabilitation projects. Three hundred families were given tools with which to start rebuilding their lives while World Neighbors erected earthquake-proof housing.

According to Dr. Irwin Redliner, director of the University of Miami disaster team in Guatemala, "Where World Neighbors projects were, the people were organized, knew what they needed, and were making the most of what was not totally destroyed. Where World Neighbors had not been, there was mass confusion, chaos."

ANTHONY WOLFF

"The idea! Asking the Delphic Oracle where you can get the best shish kebab in Athens!"

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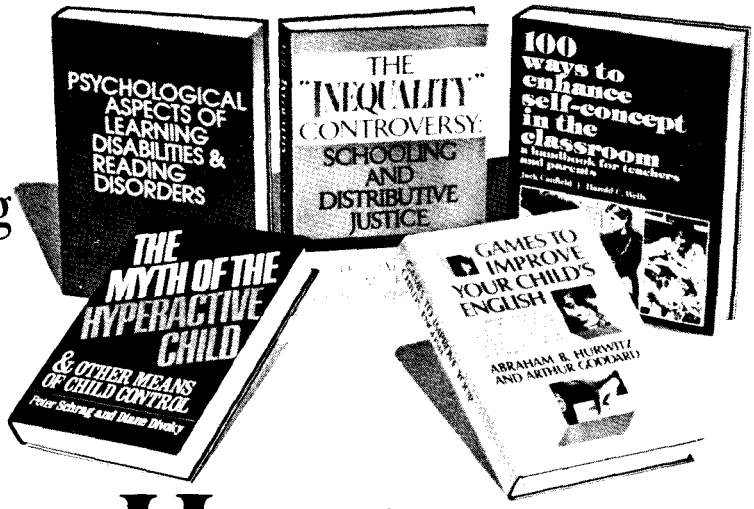
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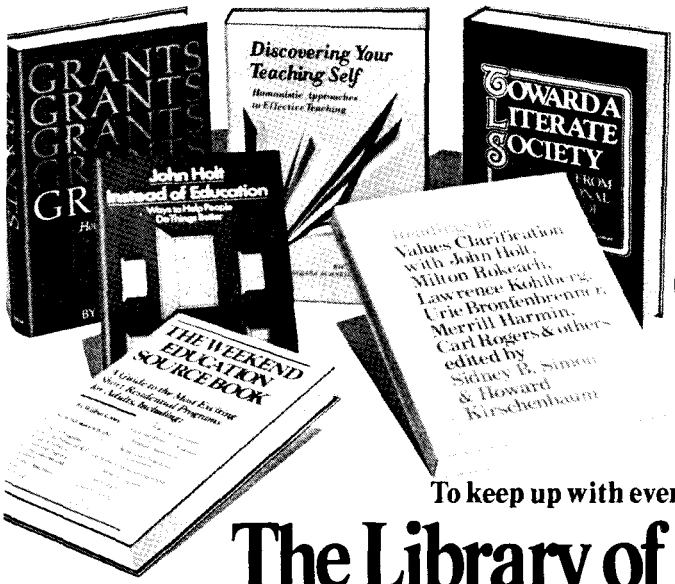
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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Foot in Mouth

In my column of April 3 I described New York State's Bicentennial reenactment of the taking of Fort Ticonderoga, with the part of Ethan Allen played by one of his direct descendants. For fear that history be bastardized, I went on to say that Ethan Allen had never married. I did not invent that assertion: it was passed on to me by Stewart Holbrook, who had published a biography, *Ethan Allen*, in 1940, and who subsequently kept a supply of printed postcards with which to reply to letters from people who claimed direct descent. "Dear —," the cards read, "You may be right but Ethan Allen never married." I do not know the source of Holbrook's misinformation, but that was the story I had from his own mouth, and I am happy to set the record straight.

Ethan Allen, it turns out, ran mostly to daughters, but he did run, to which I can now attest on the evidence of a fat file of letters received from knowledgeable *SR* readers.

The most thorough and the most carefully documented of the letters is from Mrs. Katherine W. Thompson, town historian of Penfield, N.Y. Mrs. Thompson writes:

"Ooops! In the name of the Great Jehovah—and of women—let us not consign the children of Ethan Allen to bastardhood. As a woman and as a genealogist . . . I urge you to reexamine your statement of April 3.

"Kenneth S. Davis (*American Heritage*, Oct. 1963, pp. 65–77) credits Ethan not only with his historic demand but with two wives:

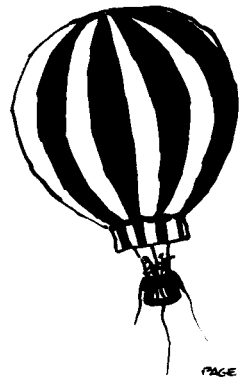
> In June 1762 he married Mary Bronson, sickly, pious, and illiterate . . . shamefully neglected by her husband though she bore him several children, three of whom (all daughters) survived him. She died before she was fifty (in 1783).
>
> In 1784 he married Mrs. Fanny Montresor Buchanan, vivacious and impious. The ceremony was performed by Judge Moses Robinson, chief justice of the Republic of Vermont. A daughter and son were soon born to them, the latter in 1787 shortly after they had moved to a farm near Burlington. Ethan Allen died on Feb. 12, 1789.

"The Rev. Gilbert Doane in his *Searching for Your Ancestors* (a bible for beginners in genealogy), 4th revised edition, p. 2, writes:

> Do you know that this particular Ethan Allen had but one living descendant in the surname Allen in 1900, and hence descent is possible in the female line only?

"Although I have not gone to the original records to verify these statements, I feel justified in correcting you. There may well be no living descendants of Ethan Allen bearing his surname, but those descendants are equally qualified by law and blood. Pray, do not disinherit them with your words. For, as you say, words do live on!

"But mostly don't damn the N.Y. Bicentennial Commission. Dr. Nyquist and Gov. Carey have slashed the 80-year-old Office of History out of existence. Dr. L. L. Tucker and his staff have been continued in the Bicentennial Commission. If you with your flip words negate their activities and research, history gets another shove to the back of the shelf. Perhaps with a few well-chosen words you can set the record straight for those who enjoy your writing and expect you to have your facts correct.



"Women, historians, and genealogists will agree with me, I am confident."

Mrs. Thompson, I submit, has set the record straight beyond any need for me to meddle further. I am grateful for her information and for her moderation in calling me to account. I was, I confess, horsing around a bit. Given my starting misinformation, a bit of horsing around seemed appropriate. Given Mrs. Thompson's correction, a general apology to all of Ethan Allen's descendants and to the scholars of the Bicentennial Commission is certainly called for and openly offered.

Not only did Ethan Allen found a substantial female line, but (as I am informed by Mary E. McGrath, of Burlington, Vt.) Lucy Caroline Allen, second daughter of Ethan Allen and Mary Bronson, married Judge Samuel Hitchcock, of Burlington (their marriage, on May 26, 1789, being the first on record in Burlington), and their great-grandson, Ethan Allen Hitchcock, of Missouri, served as Secretary of the Interior under both McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt.

Yet I remain just a bit nervous about Mrs. Thompson's letter. Read it again for yourselves—both the lines and between them. Is she threatening to sic the Women's Lib people on me? Honest, I wasn't being a male chauvinist pig: my wife doesn't allow it on pain of sow wrath, of which I am afraid. It's true that Ethan Allen's descendants have been in an almost exclusively female line, but I didn't know that. In my original error, you will recall, I didn't even think there *was* a line.

I confess that there was a time when I thought of ladies as sex objects. It was an attitude that came naturally, and I counted myself blessed in meeting several ladies who took the same view, thereby substantially reinforcing mine.

Yet something in my subconscious lives in fear that there will be pickets in front of the house the next time I look. I am prepared to recant everything. Last night I fell into dreams of terror and woke with the following limerick fully formed. I take it to be a peace offering from my subconscious, and beg the ladies to accept it as a total surrender:

There was a male chauvinist pig
Who bought a stuffed bra and a wig
And started rehearsin'
To be a chairperson
In case Bella Abzug won big. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 72

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 59.

The — — — — — —, resting
from his heavy tasks,
Constructed model ships in fine
glass flasks.
When — — — — — — and
sealed, his vessels seemed to be
Small twins of those that — — —
— — — beside the quay.

A. S.

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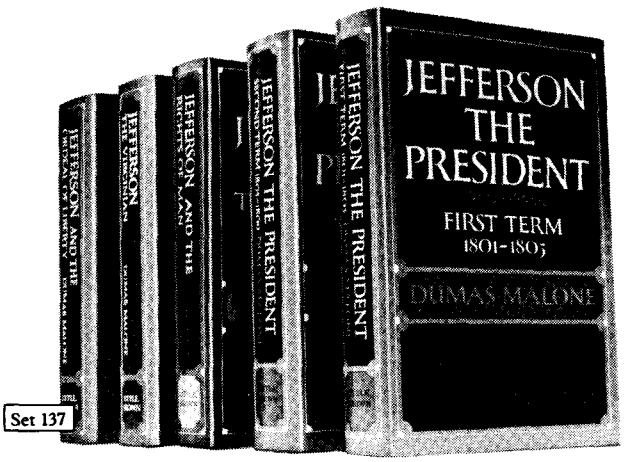

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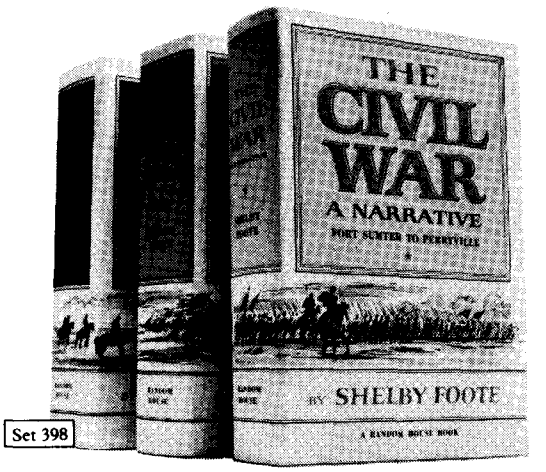

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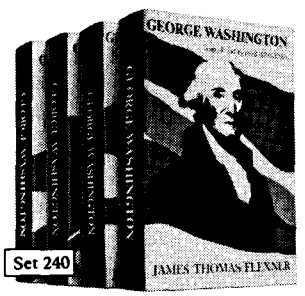

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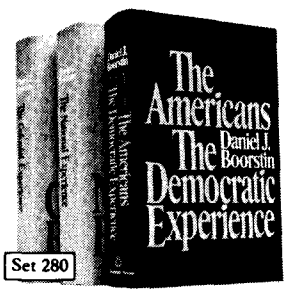

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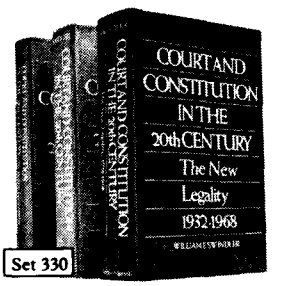

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Report From Manila

Whatever Happened to the Dominoes?

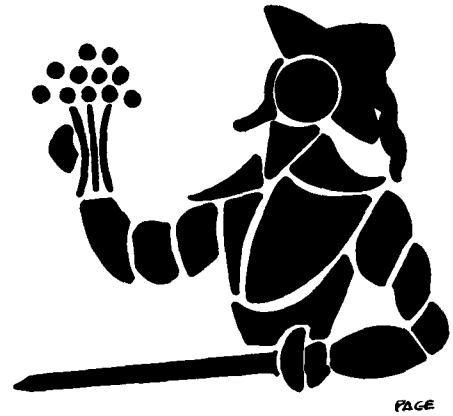
Manila

When I was in New York last fall for a few weeks before returning to the Philippines, I was invariably asked by American friends, "Don't they hate us in Southeast Asia, after Vietnam?" "Doesn't it make you nervous to live there now?" "Aren't you afraid to go into Bangkok on this trip? Isn't it terribly anti-American?" And I found myself trying to explain that, no, I didn't find Southeast Asia so wildly anti-American; that, no, I wasn't afraid to have my white face seen on the streets of Manila or Bangkok; that, actually, the Asians I knew didn't pay much attention to my presence one way or another. And it occurred to me that the climate in Asia for an American today is akin to the aftermath of a love affair—when, having at long last broken out of the intensity of the love/hate relationship and one is busy mending one's life again, there comes the sudden realization that one doesn't really *care* anymore. It's like that in Asia. The people I know there don't hate America and Americans. They aren't really thinking about them. What Americans think about them is simply irrelevant.

Last month the leaders of five Southeast Asian nations met at a summit conference in Bali. So far as I can tell, judging by the press coverage I saw, that meeting went little noted by Americans. Yet, here in Southeast Asia it is one of the most important happenings in recent years. For the first time in the post-colonial histories of five neighboring countries—the Philippines, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, and Thailand—their leaders met together in a signal effort at regional cooperation.

Despite their many differences of national goals and stages of development (compare Indonesia and Singapore, for example), the five leaders emerged from a closed session with an Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) Treaty of Amity and Cooperation, plus a Declaration of Concord, in which they agreed that members who attain self-sufficiency in food or fuel must give top aid priority to their neighbors in times of scarcity. The five countries also agreed to buy from one another in times of surplus, and after the leaders left Bali, their economic ministers convened, charged with the task of selecting five large-scale regional industries, one for each country, which would enjoy regional trade preferences and regional aid in financing.

What the five leaders did not talk about was defense. Since they speak as small, developing countries, and not from power, they are addressing themselves to the problems of economic survival and to the overall problem of carving out an area in which neighbor countries can cooperate with and aid one another. In the meeting of the five foreign ministers at Pattaya, Thailand, a few weeks before the Bali summit, which preceded and set the stage for the leaders' meeting, an initial Declaration of Unity among the five small countries was hammered out, and queries from Australia and Japan about



PAGE

participation in ASEAN were gently turned down. ASEAN was set up for regional cooperation among equally vulnerable, developing small countries for their mutual benefit. In a region previously dominated by distant powers, this is the first indigenous diplomatic stand.

Despite Hanoi's charge, on the eve of the summit conference, that ASEAN is part of America's "scheme of aggression and intervention," the ASEAN declarations did not reflect United States interests, nor those of the United Kingdom, the Netherlands, nor of any other former power that once dominated Southeast Asia. The little countries were speaking for themselves. They had not fallen like dominoes after Vietnam, as the West kept predicting. They are busily carving out a regional survival tactic through neighborly cooperation.

And what the United States or other big powers feel about it actually doesn't matter all that much. BETH DAY

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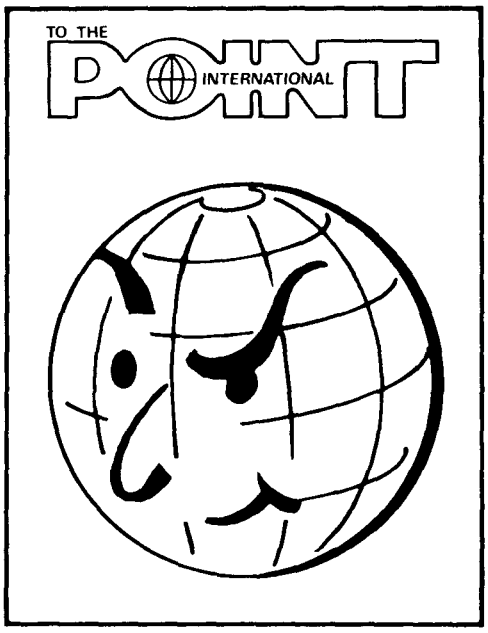

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Writing "Hot History"

Authors Woodward and Bernstein talk with an eminent historian about investigative reporting and its place in the formulation of history.

by Max Lerner

Imagine the most powerful man in the world, but a deeply flawed man. Imagine him, in a moment of overweening hubris, presiding over a secret, lawless scheme to ensure his re-election, convinced that only he can carry the burden of world power and prevail over America's inner enemies. Imagine this scheme surfacing in an accidental minor outcropping, then being covered up, and eventually being tracked down and exposed. Finally, imagine the unraveling of the man's power, of his regime, of the man himself, in the last agonized days.

It is the story of the unraveling that Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein have told in *The Final Days*, in overwhelming, microscopic detail. Call it investigative journalism, call it hot history—call it whatever. The fact is that the two authors did it in the way most natural to them—as a story to be "covered." They started a few days after Nixon resigned, organized their file system, deployed themselves and their staff, and fanned out in every direction. Their method was that of truth-through-interviews, to get at people fairly close to the action and to weave a skein of first-, second-, and third-hand reports from the interviews.

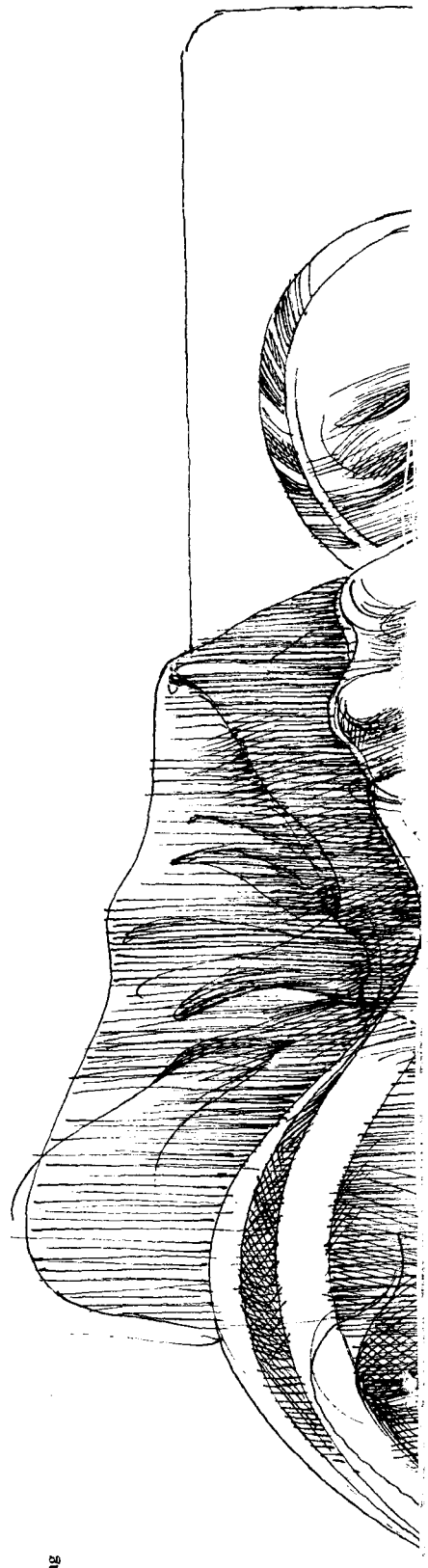
Does their book change the broad outlines of the picture we already had of the Watergate unraveling? Basically, no. Does it give any new meanings and new dimensions of depth to the story? Again, no. But there are unexpected details—minor surprises that flash out of the otherwise somber narrative—that have been widely picked up by the American and world press. A few of the portraits of second-level figures get filled out—notably, President Nixon's chief of staff, Al Haig; his counsel, Fred Buzhardt; and his press secretary, Ron Ziegler—and one gets a more intimate view of Julie and David Eisenhower than before. As for Nixon himself, the colors are harsh, sometimes grotesque. It is the portrait of a man losing control over himself as he loses control of the struggle to keep from being impeached.

The *Newsweek* excerpts, and the news releases and press stories based on them, were so lurid in their overkill that the book itself, with stretches of sober, sometimes prosaic detail, seems a relief. Yet in conversations I had with each of the authors, I put to them some of my reservations: on perspective, on the tests of evidence, on detachment and bias, on the trust they ask the reader to share, on the differences between a journalistic foray and a historical siege.

They had thought about the problems, and they had answers. Of the two, Woodward was a bit more skeptical than Bernstein of the way the excerpts had been managed, yet both insisted that the press would have overplayed them anyway. (My own view: maybe the press was overeager, but the lady was seductively arrayed.)

On the evidence question, it would be foolish to treat a journalistic book as if it were a court of law, in which the rights of the accused have to be jealously guarded against hearsay, and the witnesses are raked over in cross-examination. I mentioned to them the injunction of the German historian von Ranke to tell the story "as it actually happened" (*wie es eigentlich gewesen ist*) and to be sure to have two witnesses to every event, not in collusion with each other and neither of them self-deceived. The authors cheerfully accepted it. I am ready to believe that in the vast majority of interviews they succeeded in checking and double-checking the information. But the self-interest of many of their sources—their public face, their desire to rid themselves of the Watergate taint and get a better role in the drama of history—seems to me an insurmountable obstacle, unless the reader knows who the sources are and can make his own assessment of them.

This is, of course, the nub problem. It



Bob Ziering

Max Lerner, syndicated columnist and author of America as a Civilization, *is currently working on "Eros in America."*

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is the more serious because the authors —given their major role in tracking down the cover-up in their *Washington Post* articles—had themselves been actors on the stage of history and had a stake of their own in the story of the final days. A heroic effort at detachment might mitigate some of their inevitable bias, but, offhand, this particular pair wouldn't have been my first choice to venture the heroism.

Consider the difference between the two enterprises. The first was the digging out of a plot and a cover-up, getting at the particulars which would suggest the larger outline. The second was the filling in of an outline generally—if vaguely—known, as faithfully (and colorfully) as possible. A bias and sense of shock about Nixon and Watergate would be helpful to energize the reporters in the first venture, whereas a similar emotional set would be a hindrance in writing history —even contemporary history.

But the larger problem is the anonymity of the sources. American readers are likely to be prove-it-to-me people. The basic decision the authors made was that there was to be no attribution, of a particular conversation or detail, to a particular source. Which means they are asking us for blind trust. Not only must they have "relations of trust" (as they put it) with their sources, but also they expect the reader to trust their assessment of the trustworthiness of the sources. It may have been the only way this particular kind of book could have been written, but the leap of faith it asks for is more of a jump than most of us can make.

Take one of the details I know something about. Of the Supreme Court case on the Nixon tapes, the authors say that Chief Justice Warren Burger came up with an "inadequate" opinion to satisfy the rest, and "finally Justice Potter Stewart undertook to co-author the opinion." As it happens, I tried out this assertion on the Chief Justice, who was astounded by it. He told me that the process of shaping the unanimous opinion was a long one, but that he had been in charge all along and had no "co-authors." Since it is unlikely that any of the justices would have been informants for the authors, it must have been one or two of the clerks—but which? Justice Stewart's? Anyone who knows the Supreme Court knows its internal splits and should be wary of them. I feel the same way about an earlier passage telling what the justices said to one another in their conference room, which is so secret a place that the last appointed justice has to serve as the only messenger boy. I'd love to see the file on that one.

The trouble is that we can't see any of the files. Woodward told me that they would be turned over to a library collection, to be available at some distant date. In the long run we'll know, but it will be after all the reviews and the gate receipts are in, and in the long run (as John Maynard Keynes used to say) we'll all be dead. Think of how we would feel if Richard Nixon, in his forthcoming memoirs, were to make the same claim to our leap of faith in trusting his anonymous sources.

I DON'T PLAY DOWN the creativeness of investigative journalism, old style or new style. The old style was the Richard Harding Davis stuff, or the muckraking

Shame of the Cities stuff of Lincoln Steffens, or John Reed's stories about the Mexican War or his reporting on the Russian Revolution in *Ten Days That Shook the World*. This kind of journalism is still heady stuff, as witness the Redford-Hoffman film, from the Woodward-Bernstein *All the President's Men*. It gives a beautiful sense of what goes on in a city room and in an editorial conference, and glorifies the detective-reporter in a way to double the journalism-class enrollment next year and make folk heroes out of Woodward and Bernstein.

For a time the phrase *new journalism* afflicted us, but it is now, happily, passing. If it meant anything, it meant a sense of glorying in the reporter's subjectivism. We know that there can be no absolute detachment. As Lord Acton put it, the only true detachment is that of the dead, because they no longer care. But we can make an effort to recognize and appraise our own values, and therefore our bias, and still strive to live up to von Ranke and tell it "as it actually happened," not as our partisan attachments tell us it *should* have happened. Even as a crusader Steffens forced himself to tell the story of the cities straight. Anything else would destroy his credibility, which depended on his tough-minded grasp of the reality. This is still a requirement for journalism, old or new.

Part of the problem of a book like this is the climate it appears in. Nixon's turnings and churnings as he gets boxed in ever tighter, the portrait of him as, in effect, having gone bonkers, is one that fits in with the prevailing mood about him today. There was always the chance —after impeachment, after the trial that would follow—that he would have to go to jail. With the resignation and pardon, it didn't happen that way. But as we retraverse every hour of those closing days,

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we take part in an adjourned session of the trial that wasn't held. We follow the grim windings of the House Judiciary Committee in its deliberations and votes; we are present when Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski considers the problem of plea-bargaining with Nixon and meditates on how it might be to get a President to turn state's witness against his former aides.

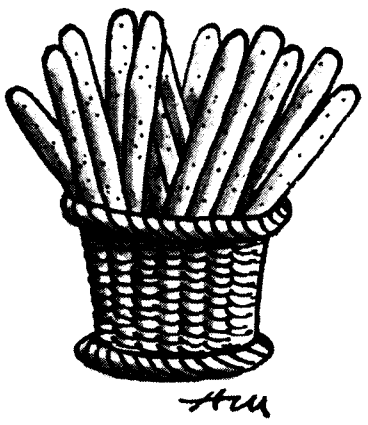
Which of us, as he reads, isn't caught up in the flood of his own memories of the whole enactment? That excellent historian of the Near East, Bernard Lewis, uses a revealing title for his new book of lectures on history. He calls it *History—Remembered, Recovered, Invented* (Princeton University Press). If Woodward and Bernstein have indeed written history, then much of it is remembered and much recovered. The remembered elements serve as a frame for the recovered elements. But the remembered history wasn't just in the memory of the people interviewed but in our own memories as well. This is a case in which Carl Becker's phrase, from his famous lecture on history, applies: "Everyman his own historian." In a more or less rudimentary way, what is true of traditional societies is true of each of us—that we share a collective memory of our recent past as a people, of our folk heroes and folk villains, and that we filter any new information—the history dug up and recovered—through the history remembered. Whether there are also some elements of history invented in the Woodward-Bernstein account is a question we won't be able to answer until the time capsule to be buried in the library is someday opened.

Which again raises the question of the line between good journalism and good history. I suggest five criteria for deciding. First, have the tests of evidence been applied rigorously? Second, has the author tried to make allowance for his own bias and his own value cluster? Third, to what extent are the returns in? In the current book, with a few exceptions, the Palace Guard—primary and secondary—are targets, not witnesses. We won't know the truth about the maneuverings until we have the memoirs of Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Dean, Ziegler, Haig, St. Clair, and of Nixon himself and can compare them with *Final Days*. Until then, with the best of intentions, the authors are limited to the accusatory brand of investigative journalism. Nixon and his cohorts remain targets, not subjects.

The last two criteria are equally important. You have only a truncated history until you have had time enough to note the consequences of the events and decisions you are writing about. We see Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman more clearly now than in 1955 because we have seen the consequences of their decisions. Which means that the early accounts and estimates, however necessary, are often cruelly inadequate approximations of the historic truth. Finally, the historian must try to make some sense and pattern out of the raw material he has dug up, seeking to be fair and just, and tell it as it actually happened, but seeking also to extract the meaning and implications of the whole story.

WE CAN, of course, get too stuffy about this. In the current case the authors have done what they can best do, which is not to find meanings but to gather events and memories, and set them down chronologically, in a kind of Book of the Days very similar to the Book of the Years of the earliest chroniclers. We can parallel Clemenceau's remark about not leaving war to the generals by saying that we ought not to leave history to the professional historians, who are in danger of stifling it. The craft of history is always in need of rebarbarizing by the energies of talented amateurs, lest it come under the dictatorship of the mandarins. A good example of such an amateur was Gene Smith, who used to work as a reporter on the *New York Post* and who wrote an account of the final days of Woodrow Wilson (one of Nixon's heroes)—*When the Cheering Stopped*. It was good history as well as good journalism, and it passed all five of my criteria with colors flying.

Unless we know the implications of what we know, we don't know much. That is why every good journalist-historian must have in him at least some ingredients of the psychologist, philosopher, and social analyst, and would do well to add to the accusatory drive a brooding sense of irony and even compassion.



Not for Nixon's sake, but for our own. Here is the epigraph for the last volume of war memoirs by a talented amateur historian, Winston Churchill: "How the Great Democracies Triumphed, and so Were Able to Resume the Follies Which Had so Nearly Cost Them Their Life." I suspect that a future historian will someday write a similarly ironic epigraph about Watergate and Nixon and his resignation, and the follies that we will probably have resumed that nearly cost us our life.

Richard Nixon himself, the central figure of the story as enacted, is, of course, the subject of the book and the target of all the observations. Yet no Nixon—clear or complex, coherent or divided—emerges from the myriad interviews. "Psycho-history is bullshit," Bernstein told me. He has a right to his view, but it suggests an impatience with the nuances of character and the interior maze of agonized contradictions in Nixon's mind.

An investigative journalist can perhaps get along without these subtleties in his relentless focusing on the "facts." But for a historian there is no democracy of facts which are all born free and equal. Why didn't Nixon take some of the other courses open to him—making a bonfire of his tapes or sweating through an impeachment and even a criminal trial without surrendering on the "confidentiality" issue? Why didn't he, even earlier, risk everything on an open confession to the people and thus redeem, if not absolve, himself? What brought about his downfall? Was it his own indecisions and waverings, or was it the breach of faith which his own party leaders finally felt, or was it the rebellion of the much-maligned "bureaucrats" who fed what they knew to the congressional committees and even to investigative reporters?

These are hard questions, which require hard answers. Someday we'll get some of them, and then the whole story of the deterioration of Nixon and his band can be told, along with its implications. The American people will welcome it, because their historical consciousness requires the presence of a sense of the past in their minds, to give the nation continuity, and because they need to get their bearings in history if their civilization is to survive. □

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Special Report

The Generation That Isn't Learning History

Long a traditional, bedrock subject in our schools, history today is in bad trouble. Fewer students want to be history majors, the social sciences are taking over the subject matter of "pure history" departments, and undergraduates are recoiling from "irrelevant" courses like European history. This special section explores the alarming downturn in history studies and proposes ways out of the crisis. Professor Edwin O. Reischauer envisions history courses that look beyond Western skies and that "encompass as much as possible of the total experience of mankind." Emmet John Hughes wryly recalls some boggling experiences as a university professor. Fred M. Hechinger reports on what college students think of their earlier high school courses in history. And *SR*'s education editor, James Cass, tells what professional historians are doing to rescue history from the doldrums.

Expanding the Limits of History

by Edwin O. Reischauer

What worries me about our students nowadays is that so many of them are emerging from school with little or no knowledge of the history of their own country or of any other country. Having little understanding of non-Western lands especially, they are no better prepared to face today's world than was an earlier generation of students who in their time of leadership marched us into the quagmire of Vietnam.

I have always been struck, for instance, by the fact that the swing to student radicalism in the late 1960s coincided with a sharp drop in enrollment in history courses at our colleges. Some may see this falloff as an argument against the relevance of history. We certainly needed such a challenge to our disastrous Vietnam policies, and the nation as a whole *did* benefit greatly from the ending of our Vietnam involvement. But it was ended at a cost much higher than was necessary. There was uncalled-for social damage—to mutual trust, goodwill, civil manners, and respect for public property.

This damage will not be easily repaired, as witness the strong counterwave —which we are still experiencing—of conservative reaction to the protests. Worst of all, many of those involved in radical protest, discovering that protest can destroy but cannot itself create viable substitutes for what is gone, became a disillusioned, dispirited generation of dropouts.

The radicals of the late 1960s could probably have played their hand with greater benefit to the nation and less damage to themselves if they had more clearly understood history and their place in it. They would have done much better if they had understood that society, like a great river, usually meanders slowly across the gently sloping plains of change, quickening to a brisker flow in response to shifts in basic technology and to special crises, such as wars. They would have understood, too, that only very occasionally do the streams of social change go plunging over a great waterfall of revolution. Such drastic changes occur when the underlying realities of society grow too remote from an overly rigid social system and bring on widespread alienation and despair.

By *revolution* I mean, of course, sudden great transformations like those of late-18th-century France, Russia after 1917, and China in more recent years. The definition of *revolution* which I am using here does not, therefore, embrace the changes in leadership attendant on a South American coup or on the assertion of independence of an otherwise unchanged American society or on a shift in industrial technology. Yet in popular usage these more superficial or more gradual changes share the name *revolution* with the more sudden, profound alterations of the social and political system. The tragedy of the radicals of the 1960s was that so many of them, lacking any clear concept of history, saw their country as in that sort of deep-reaching revolutionary situation when, of course, it was not. They exerted their efforts in a way more likely to lead to a massive backlash than to the goals they espoused.

My purpose, however, is not to argue the case for the relevance of history in general. My theme is, rather, that the history we must know is not what we once assumed it to be—it is not just our own national past and its cultural background in early modern Europe, medieval Christendom, Rome, and Greece, with the history of other peoples included only to the extent of our contact with them. History to be relevant today cannot be so parochial but must encompass as much as possible of the total experience of mankind.

THIS IS, of course, a sweeping assertion and, if accepted, would revolutionize the teaching of history in high schools and colleges. One argument that might be put forth is that the historical experiences of other civilizations have in them as much relevance to us today as our own. It is interesting to see how the leaders of the early American Republic drew lessons about human nature and society from the vastly different experiences of ancient Greece and Rome, which they knew so well. If they had possessed a comparable knowledge of classical China, I daresay they could have drawn as many useful lessons from it. In fact, it is possible that the record of Chinese history during 2,000 years of close social integration and intimate experience with bureaucratic government holds more that is relevant to our crowded, bureaucratic age than can be drawn from our own, less bureaucratic past. Certainly, Japan's development—from a closely integrated, bureaucratic East Asian society into a modern, industrialized, democratic nation with its own distinctive patterns—has particular relevance to other nations that are seeking to develop and also for the United States, which is struggling with the problems that industrialization has

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brought us. We can find in Japan's evolution some refreshingly different approaches to these problems.

A good case thus could be made for the relevance to Americans of other well-documented histories like those of China and Japan, but I shall not press the point. History is vast, and insightful analogies are limitless. History at this depth of understanding is the rightful domain of the specialist. For the average student, man in the street, or political leader—the three are basically the same products of education, only at different stages of life or different levels of achievement—the need for a broader, not culture-bound, sense of history rests on a different argument. Up through the 19th century, American society flowed along little affected by other streams of history, except for those of closely related peoples in Europe, who provided immigrants to our land, new ideas and technology, and sometimes capital. But as the 20th century progressed, all this changed. The great problems that have racked our nation—world wars, worldwide depression, nuclear confrontation, Vietnam, and now decreasing global resources and increasing pollution—involve other people whose streams of history are sometimes entirely alien to our own. Even the problems of our internal economy—inflation, unemployment, recession—have proved to be intermingled with these other streams. The 1970s may prove to be the time when we finally wake up to this situation. A sense of the flow of our own history is no longer enough. We must have at least some understanding of some of these other great historical streams.

Bettmann Archive

Japan's first railroad, 1872—"Refreshingly different approaches to development."

Vietnam is a good case in point. Our leaders did not misjudge the American people. The people went along with wrong decisions almost to absurd lengths. What our leaders misjudged was the situation in Vietnam: they saw it as analogous to the situation in Europe. They failed to understand the relationship between China and the Soviet Union, the whole surge of nationalism throughout the newly liberated colonial world, and the specific feelings of the Vietnamese both toward China and the Soviet Union and toward ourselves as the successors to the French. Thus our leaders created a crisis and then a tragedy for our nation when no crisis need ever have existed. Except for wrong American decisions, Vietnam would never have created a crisis or even a serious problem for us.

It is unrealistic to suppose that our educational system could teach Americans enough about a country like Vietnam to keep us from committing similar blunders today. There are, after all, far too many specific streams of history in the world to expect that one as small as Vietnam's could ever draw much attention in the American educational system. But if something about the non-American, non-Western streams of history had been taught, our leaders would have realized that they needed to learn a great deal more about Vietnam before making major commitments there. Yet the idea seems never to have occurred to them. After years of crisis and tragedy, American expert knowledge of Vietnam was still close to zero.

In fairness, it must be acknowledged

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that those in positions of responsibility usually do learn something from bitter experience, though of course at a very high price. On the whole, American foreign policy has over the decades moved slowly toward a more realistic acceptance of global diversity. We have, for example, turned away from seeing everything in simple balance-of-power terms derived from modern European history. Actually, this venerable concept applies very badly to much of the world, and was completely overshadowed in many areas by a fierce nationalism, which we tended to ignore because of our fascination with our own world picture. False historical analogies can be as dangerous as correct ones are useful. Still, our bureaucracies concerned with foreign relations have on the whole grown in wisdom, even if only slowly and painfully.

The same may not be true of elected officials who are newly raised to positions of responsibility or of the average voter, to whom in the last analysis decisions must be referred. The truth is that we can no longer afford political leaders who are naive about the world and who must learn about it through trial and error on the job. Nor is it safe to have a voting public which, however knowledgeable about domestic matters, has little concept of our international relations. But what else can one expect from our basically parochial educational system? On the basis of their limited educations, how can newly elected officials or common voters be expected to comprehend the great diversity of the world or the wide range of relationships we have with other countries—relationships which in each case are shaped as much by the situation in the other country as by our own?

The fearsome nuclear balance between ourselves and the Soviet Union, for example, cannot be understood just in terms of competition in arms and technologies—it requires as well a comprehension of the very different flow of Soviet history. The community of cooperation among the countries of North America, Western Europe, Japan, and Australia is based on shared attitudes and interests deriving from their various historical streams, which have made them all somewhat similar industrialized, world-trading democracies. The presence of Japan, a nation of non-Western cultural background, as the second largest member of this group can be understood only on the basis of a considerable knowledge of Japan's unique history.

Similarly, our relations with all the other nations of the world, loosely called the Third World, are not only quite different from our relations with First and Second World countries but also vary widely according to the conditions within each country. The recent tendency to divide this "residual" group into Third and Fourth Worlds helps little to define the diversity. One could think of at least seven meaningful categories of nations, most of which could be much further subdivided.

Thus China, that enigmatic fifth or quarter of humanity, is a whole category in itself. The oil-rich lands of the Middle East are also in a special position, particularly in their relationship with our type of industrialized nation. So are a smattering of developing nations which have industrialized to the point of becoming quasi-members of the industrialized trading world. Brazil would be a good example. The remainder can best be grouped according to major cultural divisions—sub-Sahara Africa, South Asia (that is, the Indian subcontinent), Southeast Asia, and Latin America.

No educational system could be expected to teach future elected leaders or common voters much about this bewildering diversity of nations. But an educational system could be required to give the coming generation some realization of the diversity of other societies and therefore of the need to have a great deal of knowledge about any one nation before becoming as intimately involved as we were with Vietnam.

Such knowledge and attitudes may not be just desiderata—they may be *imperatives* for national survival. Rapidly developing technologies are making the whole world vastly more complex and all nations increasingly interdependent.

How Textbooks Distort Asian History

A staggeringly inaccurate account of Asia's history and culture is being given to American schoolchildren by their textbooks. That is the sobering conclusion recently reached by more than 100 experts on Asia who were asked by the Asia Society to analyze 306 textbooks widely used in American schools.

The experts—area specialists, teachers of Asian studies, and "old China hand" journalists—analyzed the texts for implicit assumptions about Asian cultures and for inclusion of examples of the literature, fine arts, and other expressions of the Asian experience. They also checked on style and tone of presentation and on illustrations, teachers' guides, and bibliographies. The result was troubling.

The evaluators found a dismaying number of inaccuracies, omissions, outdated materials, and inferior maps, as well as a pervasive tendency to interpret the Eastern experience from a Western perspective. The most serious deficiency was the books' failure to present Asian life authentically, in terms of the indigenous cultures. Time and again, the panel came upon passages reflecting Western ethnocentric assumptions—e.g., that the number of automobiles, refrigerators, and other products of industrial society is the true measure of progress in civilized society. Above all, the implicit message was clearly communicated that Asian development is, or should be, the same as that of the West and that its accomplishments and shortcomings are best measured by Western standards.

The study found that 80 of the 306 books reviewed included useful sections on Asia, but only 25 satisfied project requirements for a student's first or only book on Asia.

The Asia Society's objective is to work with publishers, making resources available to them, in an effort to improve the textbook treatment of Asian peoples and their cultures. Copies of the report on the textbook evaluation are available from the Asia Society, 112 East 64th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

JANE HAMILTON-MERRITT

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We will require in the near future far more knowledge of the rest of the world and much greater skills in cooperation with other peoples than have ever been demanded of Americans in the past.

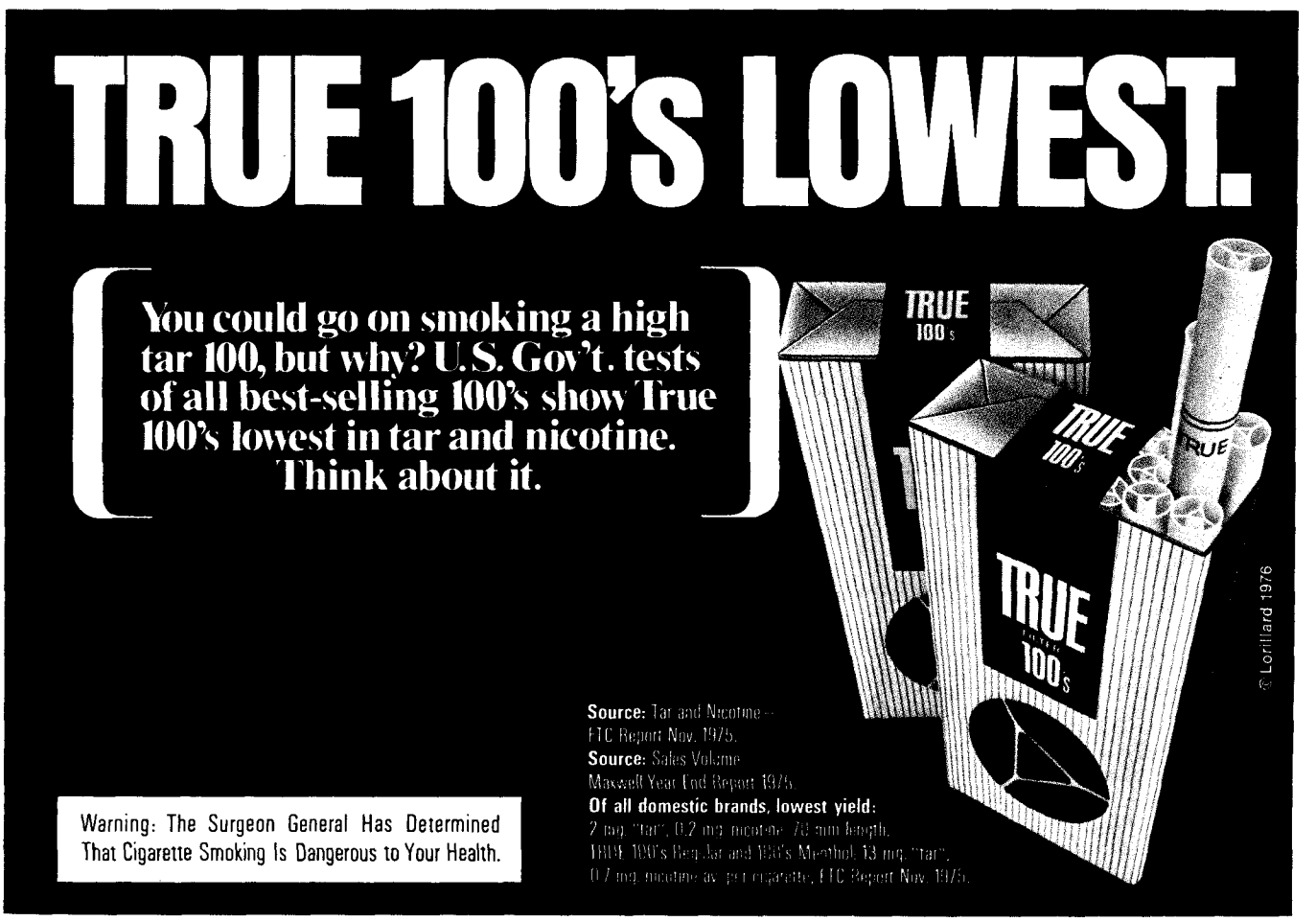
BUT WHY SHOULD THIS KNOWLEDGE be acquired through history? Why not through the social sciences? I would not demur. Of course the social sciences should be used to the full, and also the humanities. Philosophy, literature, and art all provide important ways to understand other cultures, and the rewards to ourselves from such humanistic studies can often be great, as we are learning from our present cultural encounter with Japan.

History, however, remains a key ingredient in the effort for two reasons. First is that each of the social sciences and the humanities selects one major facet from a culture as a whole and then studies it in detail. This is useful, but it also can be misleading in dealing with other cultures, for one may not have the same general knowledge of the surrounding milieu as one does of one's own country. Each facet of a culture must be seen in relationship with the others, and these relationships may well be the most significant facts about a culture. Only history tries conscientiously to fit all the parts into a meaningful whole. The function the philosopher once performed is now left to the historian. The more alien the culture, the more important the historian's role in attempting to comprehend the whole.

The other great use of history is that the various branches of the social sciences and humanities often tend to produce a static view—a cross section of the animal, not the animal itself in motion. History, on the other hand, is focused on change, and change is the heart of the story, especially in our day. What we need to know about other nations is not so much the momentary situation but, rather, where things have come from and where they therefore may be heading and at what speed. Only history is likely to give much feel for this.

Perhaps a couple of awful examples will clarify the point. We all remember the wonderfully clear picture once presented us of the stages of economic development and the way the various national economies of the world could be put together and revved up—and would then take off. The presentation may have been good economics, but it did not take into account the *non-economic* factor in the situation—the people involved. A sense of the flow of history in the nations concerned would have produced a very different picture, one much closer to the sad and spotty story that has emerged.

Back of the stages-of-economic-development concept was the broader euphoria about rapid development of the "developing world" that swept America in the years following World War II. We Americans were confident that we had at last achieved a thorough understanding of the social sciences and could therefore mastermind social engineering—even in countries we knew very little about. This confidence was coupled with a careless misreading of modern Japanese history. The argument ran: if the Japanese, nationalistically aroused and unified by the threat of the outside world, were able to modernize and industrialize their country in the half century after 1868, why could not other non-Western peoples, now nationally aroused, do the same? In fact, why couldn't they do it at an even more rapid pace, because of the availability of free external aid and


TRUE 100's LOWEST.
You could go on smoking a high tar 100, but why? U.S. Gov't. tests of all best-selling 100's show True 100's lowest in tar and nicotine. Think about it.
TRUE 100's
TRUE 100's
TRUE 100's
TRUE
Source: Tar and Nicotine—
FTC Report Nov. 1975.
Source: Sales Volume
Maxwell Year End Report 1975
Of all domestic brands, lowest yield:
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine 78 mm length.
TRUE 100's Regular and 100's Menthol 13 mg. "tar",
0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 1975.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
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"The Middle East as a Desert and Mohammed as a Madman"

by Peter A. Iseman

It is no easy matter for even an alert, well-read American to get a clear picture of the situation in the Moslem world. Let us imagine a college student in, say, New Haven who regularly reads *The New York Times*, *Time*, *The Atlantic*, and other journals, and decides he wants to know more about this region, which seems to have such a long-term lease on the front page and on the editorial page. His periodical reading gives him little depth or good feature coverage because none of the American correspondents in the area know either Arabic or Persian, and thus continually rely on translations and secondary sources. The student then pulls out his well-thumbed freshman history text, R. R. Palmer's standard *History of the Modern World*, but he can't find a single mention of the Moslem world in the five-page table of contents. So our student proceeds to the Yale Co-op (the Harvard "Coop" is no different) and wanders past the African, Chinese, and Latin American studies sections to find the Middle East shelf. The selection is slim and spotty: new biographies of Lawrence of Arabia and Theodor Herzl, the Israel Pocket Library, books by journalists on oil and terrorism, some titles on archeology, and not much else. A visit to the library catalog suggests he should open a charge account at Blackwell's, the British bookstore, where most of the useful books on the area come from.

Undeterred, he looks at the course listings and makes some academic inquiries. The language offerings are elementary and are taught by an American; there is no single course in Middle Eastern literature, even in translation; the history courses are given sporadically; and the Middle East Studies Department itself has one tenured chair for Islamic studies after 622.

If the foregoing sounds at all farfetched, consider the survey of secondary-school history texts recently completed by the Middle East Studies Association. The survey, headed by Prof. Don Peretz, of SUNY at Binghamton, found that in depicting the Middle East, most of the textbooks were "biased, full of errors, and one-sided." One professor in the study group said that most texts portrayed "the Middle East as a desert and Mohammed as a madman."

DESPITE all the discussion about solar heating, reduced energy consumption, breaking up the oil companies, and "Project Independence," the United States is still importing nearly 40 percent of its oil from the Arab world. The realists know the figure can only go higher. At the same time, more and more of the petrodollar surplus is recycled back into the American economy, and, further "downstream," United States–Arab trade is increasing at a rate that is virtually exponential. But outside of a few government agencies, the Rand Corporation, the petroleum industry, and a handful of university departments of Middle East studies, American awareness of the Moslem world—its history, its languages, and its culture—remains abysmal. Somehow the British, the French, the Germans, the Italians, and even the Japanese know much more about the region than we do.

The weakness of Middle East studies in America and the pervasive ignorance of the Moslem world have legitimate roots in our own history. Until the collapse of the British presence in Asia, after World War II, and the advent of the state of Israel, American interest in the Moslem world was peripheral at best. Latin America, China, Japan, and the Philippines all seemed more familiar and more relevant. For better or for worse, the geopolitical realities have changed, but the awareness that precedes understanding has yet to follow. The Moslem world is going to be on the front page, the financial page, and the editorial page for a long time to come. And as the American stake in the region increases, we can less and less afford "intelligence failures" that simply mirror a tradition of ignorance and misperception. □

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our greater knowledge of the processes involved?

A more careful reading of Japanese history would have led to less optimistic but more accurate predictions. Japan's successful industrialization and modernization of its institutions can be explained only in terms of a number of unusual characteristics which it already possessed in 1868. But the catch is that these characteristics are not widely shared by the countries of the Third World *even today*. The other peoples of East Asia probably do have the same strong work ethic as the Japanese of 1868, the strong drive for education, and the same intense national self-identity. But few other Third World peoples have these qualities.

In addition, Japan in 1868 already had a nationally unified economy, an intellectually unified nation, and intricate and sophisticated forms of social, economic, and political integration that are not equaled by many Third World countries today. Even Japanese levels of literacy then were ahead of 1976 levels in many countries. Further, in the century since, the technological gap between the less developed and the advanced countries has grown greater: most of the so-called developing nations are much further behind the pacesetters than Japan was in 1868. Thus, Japanese history, correctly understood, would have highlighted for the economic planners the many important *prerequisites* for successful development, not the ease with which the process of economic development could be accomplished.

THE MISREADING of history can obviously lead to egregious errors. But the lack of a sense of history can prove even worse. Americans must gain some sense of their own history and their place in its onrushing flow. Without it, our nation will be a rudderless ship tossed aimlessly about in the currents of change.

No one could argue with the need to understand our own past, but this alone is no longer sufficient. In re-emphasizing history in our educational system, we must not return simply to the classical concepts of a parochial history that fitted an earlier age. The new history must find ways to encompass the larger world. A broader approach to teaching history is therefore a simple necessity for our times. And it should prove by no means bitter medicine. A knowledge of other historical streams may very well bring us cultural enrichment in what may otherwise prove a culturally sterile age. □

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An Election Year Message...

CHROMALLOY AMERICAN CORPORATION
120 S. CENTRAL AVENUE
CHROMALLOY PLAZA BUILDING
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI 63105

1976

Dear Mr. and Mrs. America,

As 1976, our country's Bicentennial Year, dawns, its sunrise is clouded by economic, social, foreign and internal political problems unprecedented in our time.

1976 should be a year of improvement in these four spheres and, given a continuation of the American spirit of determination to survive and cope with difficult national and world problems, the New Year probably WILL bring a steady improvement of a general nature in our national scene.

Through our voting mandate, we can demonstrate to those politicians who succeed in getting elected that the American people are not really "taken in" any more by divisive ploys and tactics, which have in the past been so successful in securing voting support.

The American people is aware that the chasm separating labor and capital is a politically perpetuated illusion. The hopes and aspirations of all Americans, capital and labor alike, are, fundamentally, the same. These two forces joined hands long ago to create and maintain the highest standard of living ever known in the history of civilized man. In so doing we have also created the greatest nation since the beginning of time.

Hopefully our new leaders will be statesmen first and politicians next at ALL levels, regardless if they be Republican or Democrat. Perhaps they will recognize that our problems, whatever they may be, can be solved if we all pull together. Perhaps, too, they might abandon the idea that they can only be elected and reelected by maintaining the attitude that the free enterprise system needs to be tinkered with, over-regulated, over-controlled and over-restricted.

Inflation *can* be controlled. Massive reemployment can take place as industry is encouraged to *go ahead*. As jobs are provided, our institutions will be rededicated to the healthy principles of the free enterprise system.

Finally, the end will be in sight of the political murder of the good old American goose that has laid the golden eggs of national economic health and prosperity.

Sincerely,
CHROMALLOY AMERICAN CORPORATION

Joseph Friedman
Chairman

"... when shall all men's good be each man's rule, and universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land."
Alfred Lord Tennyson

CHROMALLOY

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"President Hoover of the FBI"

by Emmet John Hughes

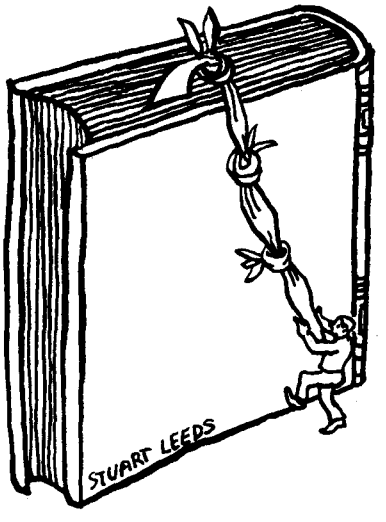
A couple of years ago, I had a memorable exchange with a student who was doing a final term paper on Herbert Hoover and who was aware that other students in the class had arranged for appropriate interviews in Washington. Although my conversation with the student was gentle and relaxed, the essence of it went thus:

—. I suppose it would be hard for me to get an interview with Hoover.
—. Yes.
—. Because he just doesn't see people?
—. No.
—. What's the problem?
—. He's been dead quite some time.
—. Oh . . . (*A thoughtful pause*) When did he leave the FBI?
—. He didn't. He was never there. *He* was President.
—. Oh . . . (*A contemplative pause*) This explains something. You know, I always wondered why a former President would have wanted that job.
—. You were right to wonder.

The rather painful frivolity of this cannot be ascribed, I think, to a single generation, for there is something about it in keeping with American tradition. Quite early in this century, Henry Ford is supposed to have proclaimed curtly, "History is bunk." Some decades before, Ambrose Bierce had, in his *Devil's Dictionary*, defined history as "an account, mostly false, of events unimportant, which are brought about by rulers mostly knaves, and soldiers mostly fools." Such heterodox attitudes are hardly surprising in a society cherishing its own rampantly advancing frontier and its own righteously marching sureness of the future. From such history there could follow—ironically—but one question: *why* look *back?*

But look back we must in this, our two hundredth year—even though the world of supposedly higher learning has found a weird way to stage its own Bicentennial salute. While the shelves of merchants sag from coast to coast under their sordid displays of commemorative ashtrays and colonial figurines and bumper stickers, the universities of the Republic, and above all their students, appear to have reached the bizarre conclusion that this is no time to waste time in much study of the past. Or, as Prof. Frank Freidel has stated the anomaly: "There's never been a greater need for professionally trained historians than today, and never has there been a time when so many historians are seeking employment."

The paradox cannot be dismissed as mere accident or aberration. It is a sign closely akin to other signs of the academic times—all coinciding by reason of more than coincidence. As any university student or teacher from Boston to Berkeley can attest, we have lately been learning or lecturing through years marked by at least three related academic tendencies: (1) a softening of standards and an inflating of grades; (2) a blithe disregard for *words* in teaching the English language, quite enough to encourage a belligerent disdain for *dates* in learning any national history; and (3) a pervasive notion that a true perception of the life of any people depends less upon the art of understanding than upon the science of computing. Such an academic atmosphere seems almost perfectly calculated to discourage any intellectually taxing scrutiny of a national heritage, its random roots and its tantalizing portents. And a university challenging these scholastic fashions, by advertising the pragmatic virtues of courses in historical science, could only evoke from reflective historians deeper-than-ever sighs of resignation and resentment.



I find all this both sad and serious. For some 15 years of my earlier life, serving as a foreign correspondent in the major capitals of Europe, I found no way to understand or to report any significant contemporary events except in a context of the *history* of the people around me. To this day, I believe it impossible to have a sense of the latest trauma in Italian politics unless one also has a sure sense of the religious history of Italy and the idiosyncratic history of its city-states of past centuries. It is not possible to appraise the division of Germany today without an awareness that the line of this division—so arbitrarily drawn after Word War II—happened to follow roughly a line of centuries-old cultural meaning to Middle Europe. And I still seriously doubt, as I have for 20 years, whether any modern witness to the convolutions or the compromises of the Soviet Union's global policy can even glimpse their ideological or emotional character without some enlightening remembrance of the age of Reformation and Counter-Reformation as an earlier, excruciating epoch for both believers and non-believers, one that also pitted philosophers against politicians.

Whatever my experience in journalism taught me about the value of historical perspective has been strikingly confirmed in the last five years of my teaching American politics to graduate students at a state university. The overwhelming majority of these students have been undergraduate majors in political science and are conscientious in their work. Again and again, however, I have found myself in the kind of discourse with them that left me unnervingly uncertain whether they could distinguish between World War I and World War II unless the Roman numerals gave them the clue.

I think that there is an old, authentic answer to this problem. Our students should be required to take rigorous, rewarding courses in the history of humankind. As for Henry Ford's pronouncement of anathema on history, I would rather subscribe to Polybius (125 B.C.): "History offers the best training for those who are to take part in public affairs." And as for Ambrose Bierce's cynicism, I would submit the conclusion of Cicero (80 B.C.): "Not to know what happened before one was born is always to be a child."

And who craves an American Republic of children? □

For 15 years a Time-Life *correspondent and editor, and subsequently for 5 years a political columnist for* Newsweek, *Emmet John Hughes is professor of politics at Rutgers University. His most recent book is* The Living Presidency.

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Waxworks History

Conversations with students point up a widening chasm between the youth of today and the historians who determine what is taught and how it is taught.

by Fred M. Hechinger

For the past several years, enrollment in American history courses has been in a steep and steady decline in the nation's high schools and colleges. Americans have never been a people much interested in the past, and a new generation appears to be growing up that, if the accounts of its teachers are to be believed, considers as ancient history everything that happened before Vietnam. After three years of extensive inquiries in the field, the Organization of American Historians (OAH) last fall issued a report that said, "History is in crisis."

The urgent alarm sounded by the academic historians in their report "The Status of History in the Schools" seemed at first glance a welcome effort to reverse a disconcerting trend. A more careful reading of the report unfortunately raised some new doubts about the academic historians' insights into the nature of the crisis.

The report took the conventional route of judging the schools' effectiveness by the number of credits in history mandated by each state for the certification of history teachers and by the number of history courses required of high school students. The historians appeared to take a dim view of all but "independent" history courses. They clearly implied that "social studies," which merely included history among such other disciplines as economics, geography, anthropology, and sociology, tampered with history's body, flavor, and purity.

Some of the inroads made on history in some of the nation's high schools should, of course, be seriously questioned. For example, the Illinois report to the OAH pointed out that "recent legislation mandating consumer education in public schools has led districts and departments to respond by substituting courses in economics, consumer economics, and career education for world history." Clearly, instruction on how to get the best value out of a trip to the local supermarket does not provide a valid substitute for an assessment of America's role as a superpower.

But it is fair to question the historians' perspective when they cite with similar concern Nebraska's report that its new approach to history, emphasizing "concepts" rather than "facts," is based on the assumption that this will "better prepare the students to understand and cope with the modern world." Not a bad assumption, but one that apparently (as subsequent conversations with students will underscore) has too rarely been made in the routine teaching of high school history.

TO BE FAIR to the OAH report, it concludes that "the situation calls for imagination and innovation by historians and a willingness and ability to tap other disciplines." Yet, because the general thrust of the document appears more protective of the status quo than desirous of change, I thought that a better insight into the nature of the crisis might be gained from an informal sample of opinions among recent "consumers" of high school history. The college students thus interviewed reported on their secondary education in such states as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Connecticut, Indiana, and Illinois. None were history majors.

The quality and the intensity of their high school instruction in American history varied greatly, from a mere one semester to two or three years, and from mediocre instruction to imaginative, independent research. This clearly suggests the risks in any attempt to generalize about "the state of" teaching of this or any other subject in so diverse a system as American public education. But the very nature of such a limitation makes all the more remarkable the considerable consensus among these very diverse students (all interviewed individually and without any communication among them concerning the interview) about the shortcomings in the present approach to American history. By way of brief summary, these shortcomings are:

- Preoccupation with facts and events, at the expense of concepts and deeper political and social understandings.
- Lack of a sense of continuity, which is aggravated by sterile repetition of the same coverage at different levels of schooling.
- Excessive "neutrality," with little attention given to different points of view and even less to the "larger world picture."
- A predominantly "positive" presentation of American history that leaves students confused and floundering when reality does not measure up to the pasteurized version.
- Failure to make the connection between political events and their impact on "real people."
- Overemphasis on certain eras, such as the period around 1776 and the Civil War, with great voids left between.

Apart from these specific criticisms, there is the repeated complaint about sheer boredom, lack of excitement, scant attention to the humane element. This criticism is particularly poignant when

A seminar at the New School, in Manhattan—"A remarkable immunity to cynicism."
Paul Seligman/New School for Social Research

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measured against the students' almost universally expressed view that they considered it history's most vital function to make successive generations understand the nation's past mistakes so that they can learn from them. Could there be any more favorable precondition for the establishment of the human connection?

The students' specific comments underscore these shortcomings:

A college student who went to high school in New Jersey (an exceptionally good school, which stressed independent study and augmented history with interdisciplinary American studies) nevertheless felt that there was insufficient effort to show "the rough spots along with the smooth. We grew up with a lot of rough spots—the assassinations and the war," he said. Not being prepared for reality could have only one consequence: to make young people even more skeptical.

Like a number of others, this student felt that insufficient attention is paid to the changing character of America. "The

United States is not a static society," he said. "Yet schools shy away from teaching the social effects of change—what happened to people after the Industrial Revolution, what happened to children in the early public schools, how the Presidency has changed. History has failed to take me out of the present and put me into the various periods we studied."

A Barnard junior who attended the elite Hunter College High School, in New York City, said that while she felt comfortable with American history, most of her peers "don't remember much of what they learned in high school—just a few dates."

A Barnard senior who attended a New York City high school said, "The Bicentennial reminds me how little I know about American history." As she looked back on her one year devoted to the subject, it seemed to her "too cut-and-dried, too neutral, all one blur." Lacking was the connection—"the problems of the Founding Fathers and how they relate to our problems today." The Declaration of Independence ought to be more closely examined, "not just as a piece of paper," but with an analysis of its meaning as well as of the power plays that surrounded its adoption.

RETURNING TO THE THEME of repetition, another student recalled studying American history in the third, fifth, and eleventh grades without ever getting much beyond the Civil War. "I got a good knowledge of the Revolution but know nothing about Reconstruction," she said. "Reconstruction was carpetbaggers."

And once again: "We got very little knowledge of people's problems, except for the Colonial settlers. Little about blacks or immigrants. The potato famine, yes; but nothing about what happened to the Irish once they got here."

An 18-year-old freshman at Purdue University, product of the Indiana public schools, said, "I wish my knowledge [of American history] were better. You're really not taught the meaning of American history in high school—the basics, yes; but not the meaning. It's not very interesting."

What did he know most about? The 1960s. John F. Kennedy's assassination. Televised history. "I would like to know more," he went on, "about the history behind the Presidents, not just what happened, but more of the in-depth, unofficial history."

What is remarkable about these impromptu reactions by the most recent consumers of American-history instruction is the search for relevance, in the best sense of the word. One would have to be astonishingly insensitive to these pleas not to grasp the wide gulf that divides these intelligent youths from the traditional historians who determine what is taught and how. The gap becomes all but unbridgeable when one considers the way politically conservative school establishments view the scene.

As an example, take the counterattack launched in Arizona against efforts at an interdisciplinary approach. "Opponents [of such liberalization] want United States history taught undefiled," reports the OAH, "and one of their primary goals is to inculcate pride. To accomplish this, they have sponsored three courses. Two, which have been adopted, are courses in free enterprise and Arizona history. The third is a proposed required program of study of United States history in the eleventh grade. A Basic Goals Commission developed a set of goals and concepts, which called upon teachers to stress positive rather than negative aspects of the American past, eschew conflict as a theme, inculcate pride in the accomplishments of the nation, and show the influence of rational, creative, and spiritual forces in the shaping of the nation's growth." (Stormy hearings followed, and the board has not yet adopted the proposal, but the nature of the pressures is evident.)

How would these apostles of positive thinking answer another Indiana student's question: "Why is everybody so down on revolutions? That's how our country started."

The irony of the matter is that the conservative concern with America's positive image misjudges so completely the young people's instinctive sense of the best in their country's character. They are by no means negative in their premise, and, given their contemporary experiences, from the assassinations to Vietnam and Watergate, they show a remarkable immunity to cynicism.

They do not want an antiseptic "Dick and Jane" version of their country's past; but neither are they asking for revisionist debunking. They do not wish the heroes defiled, but they want to know them as human beings rather than as plaster saints.

A freshman at Hood College, in Maryland, spoke enthusiastically about her American-history course there precisely because it tackled, for the first time in her experience, the rights and wrongs of the nation's past actions. "Sometimes I worry," she said, "because our professor could make me believe anything, since high school gave me no basic frame of reference at all."

It was at once surprising and reassuring how many of these recent high school graduates spoke of their appreciation of America as a flexible, adaptable, changing society, while complaining that American-history teaching is obsessed with stability. They have not been persuaded by the radical historians that America is a lie, but they resent the pretense that their history lessons are delivering "the truth."

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Asked what he considered America's special characteristics, a Columbia University student who attended high school in New Jersey said, "The dynamic nature of the country—the fact that change can be accomplished." But he asked leave "to be slightly skeptical about current history."

The extraordinary balance of the students' criticism makes it all the more regrettable that the concern of some historians is so narrowly focused on the question of the "independence" and "purity" of the way in which the lessons are delivered. One can understand, even if one does not welcome, the "history by historians only" protectiveness at a time of shrinking job opportunities for history teachers. Moreover, I have little sympathy for the dilution of history with the vague instruction in citizenship and once-over-lightly sociology that mark some "social studies" courses—often giving the conglomerate outcome even more of a goody-goody flavor.

Still, only good can come from the fresh winds of such other disciplines as anthropology, economics, sociology, and geography that are blowing into the established high school history curriculum. Complaints that today's college generation is excessively present-oriented are well founded in fact. Historical isolation within the confining space and distorting events of the 1950s and 1960s is an ominous handicap for those who will soon have to be relied upon to preserve and advance the American cause. Even the most intelligent contemplation of a generation's navel is no substitute for the capacity of enlightened hindsight to illuminate present choices and future goals.

But these conversations with students about their experiences with American history have persuaded me that presentism feeds less on deliberate personal myopia than on the historians' inability to make the past come alive. It should not come as a surprise that contemporary history on television has greater impact than the sterile neutrality of the high schools' treatment of the past. "When I was studying history in school, it was so boring," said a 22-year-old Midwestern college student. "Then I saw a film about Jefferson and Franklin, and it was so interesting."

People, wars, politics, controversies—these are the realities that have stirred up the minds of this generation of students. They cannot be sent back to the wax museum of academic history. □

Does the Past Have a Future?

We seem to be turning into a more tradition-oriented society. Surprisingly, historians may find the new environment less congenial than the old.

by James Cass

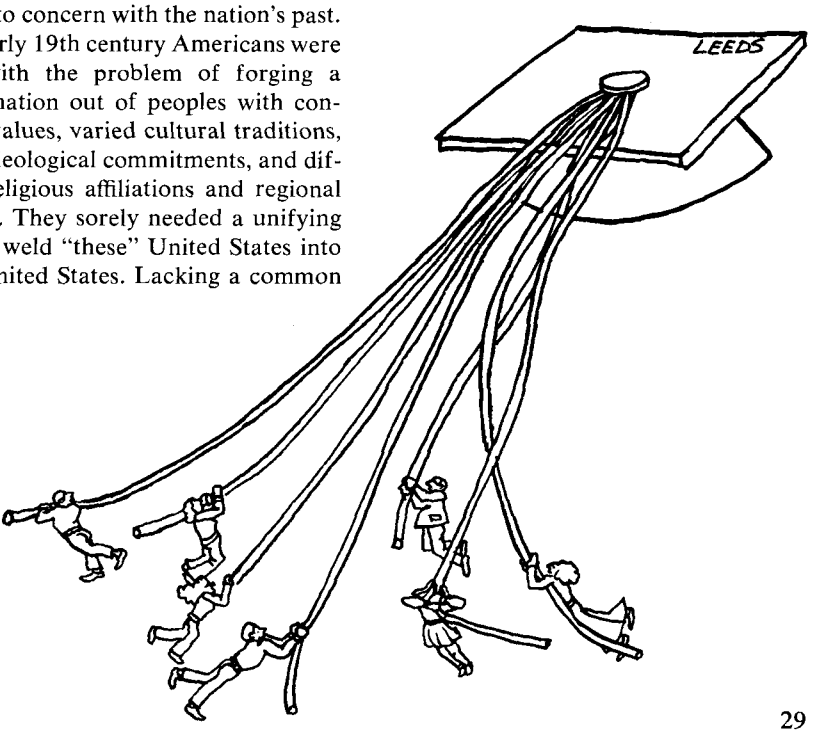
Education is in trouble today, as everyone knows, but the malaise afflicting the field of history in the high schools and colleges has unique dimensions not shared by most other disciplines. Emphasis on the study of traditional history has been declining in the schools for a generation or more as social studies has virtually preempted the elementary- and secondary-school market, whereas the precipitate drop in enrollment in college history courses has occurred only in recent years. But they have had one problem in common.

Americans generally have been restlessly mobile, more present- and future-minded than such tradition-oriented societies as England and France. Consequently, they have viewed history, including their own past, with mixed feelings. Americans have always felt a sense of unique destiny as they created new institutions of self-government and charted unexplored paths of freedom. Perhaps inevitably, they have fastened their eyes on the emerging future rather than on the past. In this sense they have always been ahistorical.

The country has, of course, experienced periods of nationalist enthusiasm that led to concern with the nation's past. In the early 19th century Americans were faced with the problem of forging a unified nation out of peoples with conflicting values, varied cultural traditions, strong ideological commitments, and differing religious affiliations and regional loyalties. They sorely needed a unifying force to weld "these" United States into "the" United States. Lacking a common heritage, they began to create their own traditions—part myth, part hope and faith, and part reality. From George Washington's cherry tree to the patriotic and moral tales recounted in the McGuffey *Readers*, storytellers and historians began to celebrate the heroes, the legends, and the virtues of the past.

Comparable concern with history was stimulated in the schools by the later waves of immigrants from diverse cultures who were inducted into the American experience, as well as by the nationalist sentiment that followed the two World Wars. But despite periods of chauvinistic fervor, Americans have never quite lost their sense of mission and their faith in the perfectibility of man and society. They continue to see themselves as making history, not studying it.

Currently, history is hurting worst at the undergraduate level. For many years one or two courses, usually in modern European and/or American history, were a prerequisite for graduation from most colleges and universities. History departments had a captive audience, and as enrollment skyrocketed after World War II it was boom time in Historyville. But all was not perfect even then. With the rise of the universities around the



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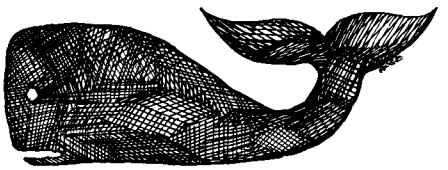
turn of the century, the focus of history broadened out from a primary emphasis on past political events to encompass every aspect of human affairs—social, economic, intellectual, constitutional, and the like—and, progressively, research came to be valued above teaching.

The student movement of the 1960s stimulated the relaxation or elimination of most graduation requirements on many campuses after 1969, and history's captive audience began to evaporate. Some students were merely bored with pedestrian teaching and unimaginative courses. Others saw history as a celebration of an unjust society and a force for buttressing a status quo that badly needed reform. The high schools and colleges too often forgot that contemporary students have many sources of information besides the textbook and classroom, and that much that they learn from the media directly denies what they are taught in class.

Thus, the history profession, grown fat through decades of an assured clientele, is in crisis—and is responding with unaccustomed vigor. Two years ago, the traditionally research-oriented American Historical Association created a Teaching Division under the chairmanship of C. Warren Hollister, of the University of California at Santa Barbara, to support "the redefinition of teaching as a central concern of the AHA." A regular series of AHA-sponsored regional teaching conventions is being developed. Ways are being sought to identify and publicize new instructional approaches through teaching workshops, faculty-development programs, and teaching sessions and demonstrations at the AHA's annual meeting. The Society for History Education has recently initiated a newsletter, the *Network News Exchange*, as a vehicle for the exchange of information about innovative programs developed by teachers across the country. And the Organization of American Historians is continuing its survey of the status of history in the schools.



Professor Hollister reports that "all across the country there is a growing impulse toward innovation in history instruction. On one University of California campus, a multimedia course in the history of American popular culture is packing students in (and flunking some out); there are courses in the history of sex, urban crime, medieval magic, the inarticulate. There is a nationwide upsurge in the use of media: slides, slides with music, videotapes, clips from historically oriented feature films, and student-made films." For the interested, a number of unusual approaches to history instruction are described in *Change* magazine's first "Report on Teaching," published in March 1976.

So WHAT DOES the future hold for the field of history? Can better teaching, a stronger commitment to undergraduate and secondary-school instruction, a rethinking of traditional approaches, and the addition of multimedia techniques rescue history from the doldrums and restore it to its honored place as chief of the social sciences? Would (as Professor Reischauer suggests) a clearer understanding of Japan's development as a major industrial nation have helped avoid false analogies with the development of Third World countries? Do the student responses to Fred Hechinger's interviews suggest that in this post-Vietnam and Watergate period we, as a nation, are losing our faith in the future and are beginning to look to the past for comfort and support? What does a sense of history contribute to a responsive and stable society?

Probably Santayana's dictum that "those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it" should not be taken too literally. And yet mankind does tend to act in predictable ways when the forces that influence human behavior are clearly understood. We may also have reservations about Hegel's assertion that "peoples and governments never have learned anything from history or acted on principles deduced from it." After all, many of the Founding Fathers were students of history (witness the *Federalist Papers*) and drew on the understanding of man and society that they gleaned from their studies in creating institutions of self-government that have, however imperfectly on occasion, stood the test of time. And that may be the key. They drew not on their knowledge of names and dates, although they had a sure sense of the continuity of the human experience, but on their understanding of human behavior and the factors that influence it.

Alan Simpson, president of Vassar and former history professor at the University of Chicago, wrote in a 1957 issue of the *School Review* that the great claim made for history over many centuries "was simply that it taught prudence." And he added, "Some people, with a sense of the practical which develops out of ordinary living, need no help from history; but others may be grateful for a discipline whose supreme utility is to teach the limits of the possible." Simpson's definition of the uses of history seems particularly apt after a decade or more of social engineering by political leaders and their scholarly advisers who failed to measure the potential for noble objectives against "the limits of the possible." As Max Birnbaum, who is professor emeritus of sociology at Boston University and who was trained as a historian, has noted, "We would probably have pursued many of the social programs anyway—they were needed—but if we had taken a realistic look at what the human experience has taught us about the nature of social change, we would have approached the problems we were trying to solve with greater sophistication—and greater humility. We would, at least, have avoided the excesses of the 'revolution of rising expectations' that resulted in so much animosity, frustration, and cynicism."

AMERICA is growing older—fewer children are being born, and the number of citizens over 65 is increasing. The demographic facts of life suggest a growing interest in the past as senior citizens look back to their contributions to society. One may speculate on whether the United States, finally, is heading toward a tradition-oriented society in which history will become popular as progressively larger sections of the population begin to look to the past rather than to the future. In such a society it is likely that more state legislatures and departments of education will mandate increased time devoted to the study of history—which mandate will result in many more jobs for historians. It is less clear that this will be good for the profession. Because Americans, generally, have looked upon their history as something less than sacred, revisionist historians have usually found a congenial environment in which to pursue their own historical interests. If, indeed, America is finally becoming a tradition-oriented society, more concerned with celebrating the past than with exploring the future, many historians may well find it a far less congenial environment for their profession. □

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SR Books

On a Crowded Hilltop

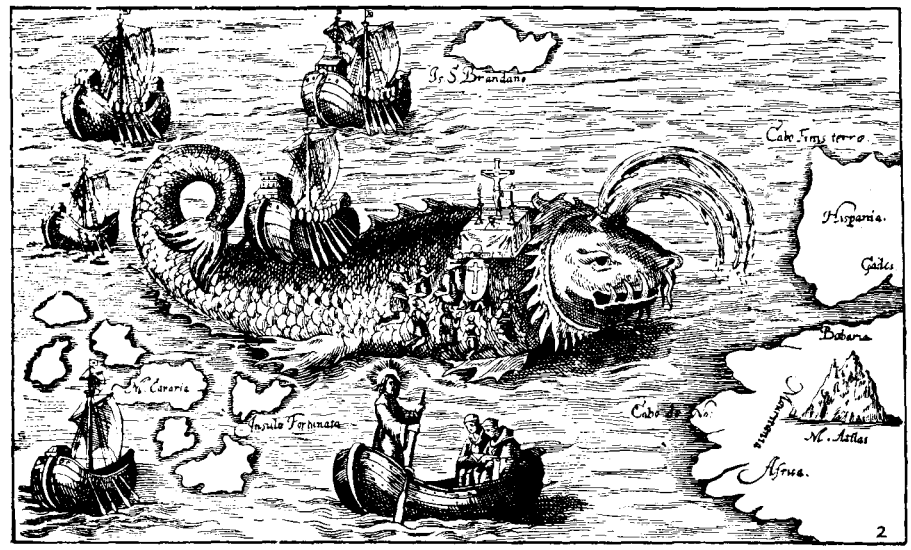
Mankind and Mother Earth: A Narrative History of the World
by Arnold Toynbee
Oxford University Press, 688 pp., $19.50

Reviewed by W. Warren Wagar

In the awesome wilderness of world history, the world historians themselves occupy a small but honorable hilltop. One finds them mapping the immensities with unwearying gaze. St. Augustine, episcopal historian of the City of God, defends the faith in the terrible aftermath of the sack of Rome by Alaric the Visigoth. Ibn Khaldun, depleted by a quarter-century of political intrigue, retires to an Algerian castle to write the *Muqaddimah*. Sir Walter Raleigh, immured by King James in the Tower of London after a long career of Elizabethan derring-do, uses his newfound leisure to write a *Historie of the World*.

The hilltop grows ever more crowded as we approach the present day. There is Vico, and Voltaire, and Volney, and the Marquis de Condorcet, drafting his celebrated *Esquisse* of human progress while hiding from the Jacobin Terror in a chilly Parisian garret. Leopold von Ranke, blind but unbowed, caps his life's work with a *Weltgeschichte* in nine volumes. H. G. Wells is moved by the Great War to write *The Outline of History*. Oswald Spengler grimly charts *The Decline of the West*. Jawaharlal Nehru catches his *Glimpses of World History* in a British prison. Still later come the interminably sprightly *Story of Civilization* by Will and Ariel Durant and *The Rise of the West* by William H. McNeill.

Arnold Toynbee, who died last October at the age of 86, belonged to the generation just before McNeill's. His magnum opus, *A Study of History* (1934–61), was the most deeply erudite and the most fiercely criticized foray into world history by any 20th-century scholar. In the *Study*, Toynbee made no effort to write history in the usual sense; rather, he used the data of history as building materials for an elaborate series of generalizations about the patterns of the past. The generalizations were appallingly leaky. Few withstood the scrutiny of specialists. Toynbee's own volume of *Reconsiderations* abandoned so many and defended or restructured the rest so unpersuasively that in the end his original system lay almost in ruins.



Culver

But we had not heard the last of him. In *Mankind and Mother Earth*, Toynbee tried one last time to give shape to the immensities, choosing the oldest shape of all, the chronicle. Make no mistake. *Mankind and Mother Earth* is not a recycled *Study of History*. Toynbee faithfully starts at the beginning of time and trudges century by century, civilization by civilization, down to the Seventies. By severing the narrative line into many small segments, he manages an almost simultaneous coverage of events on each continent. Chapters 54 through 60, for example, escort us from "The Islamic World, 750–945" to "The Byzantine Civilization, 726–927/8" to "Western Christendom, 756–911," and so on through the comparable eras of Scandinavian, Indian, East Asian, and Amerindian history. Then back to "The Islamic World, 945–1110" in Chapter 61, and the sequence begins all over again. Of the laws, models, and myths that bedecked the *Study*, scarcely anything remains. *Mankind and Mother Earth* is quite simply a narrative political and cultural history of the human race.

Despite the methodological *volte-face*, significant traces of the original Toynbee linger on. *Mankind and Mother Earth*, like the *Study*, carries a cargo of prophetic freight, of which more later. The same kinds of historical events as before continue to absorb our historian, chiefly the rise and fall of empires and the vicissitudes of religions. He still describes technology as a "mere enabling condition" and religion as "the most important of all human experiences."

Another holdover is the "Syriac Civilization," here softened to "Syrian." Toynbee had been pitilessly attacked for proposing the existence of such a society, made up of Phoenicians, Philistines, and Jews, who allegedly came together to form their "civilization" in the 12th century B.C. Toynbee's Syriac thesis led him to regard the worldwide Jewish diaspora as a living "fossil" of this otherwise extinct society. But the bare idea of a Syrian civilization continues, in Chapter 17 of the present work; the Jews are still labeled survivors of it, along with the few hundred remaining Samaritans of occupied Jordan. Nor has Toynbee relented in his view that Judaism and all the "Judaic religions" from Christianity and Islam to Marxism display a deplorably inhumane streak of intolerance, traceable to the Jewish myth of divine elec-

W. Warren Wagar, professor of history at SUNY, Binghamton, is author most recently of Books in World History.

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THE CELEBRATION OF LIFE. By Norman Cousins, 84 pages, $4.95. Harper & Row. The implications of humanity's new adventures beyond the earth on contemporary philosophy.

tion. Jews, Marxists, and others will gnash their teeth, as they always have.

The Toynbee of this last book also refused to give up his weakness for Greek and Byzantine history, in which he had a special lifelong competence. Greece still comes off better than Rome, and in the medieval period he insists on devoting as many chapters to Byzantium as to Western Christendom. Rome's fall in the fifth century cost the empire "only an expendable colonial annex." From its Eastern capital of Constantinople, the glories continued for another thousand years. Toynbee is also predictably generous in his coverage of Islamic history.

No less predictably, other matters receive little or no attention. Black Africa before the European conquest is ignored altogether. The five centuries of modern history are crushed into a few brief chapters hardly worth the trouble. On this scale, the American Revolution merits only two lines; the French, about nine. All of Soviet history is scanned in a paragraph.

But to use the distinction happily drawn by Benedetto Croce, Toynbee's approach even in his much fuller treatment of pre-modern times is that of the chronicler rather than the historian. The empires and the religions rise and fall, but he stands too far away to give us any sense of their inner life. Since he is mulishly determined to substitute narrative method for analytical at nearly every point, he also cannot enhance our understanding by bringing into play the fallible but always provocative conceptual apparatus of his earlier *Study*. The result is a dry, clean, sapless rehearsal of thoroughly dead deeds. Toynbee in *Mankind and Mother Earth* reminds one of the avant-garde painter who wants to prove he can also execute perfect copies of academic masterpieces.

YET WAS historiography Arnold Toynbee's true calling? Are *Mankind and Mother Earth* and the *Study* that precedes and overshadows it primarily works of science or works of prophecy and moral exhortation? By and large, the classic world histories have been extended sermons, replete with ecstatic visions, dire warnings, and as much reluctance to judge between the quick and the dead as Calvin's Jehovah. There are no surer guides to the orthodox Christian world view than St. Augustine and Orosius, no braver apostle of the 18th-century faith in human perfectibility than Condorcet, no more cynical messenger of modern man's doom than Spengler.

By instinct if not by intention, Toynbee belonged unmistakably to this tradition of the prophet-scholar. He hated to admit it. His favorite conceit was to imagine himself a Newton of historical science, patiently marshaling the laws of history from the observable data. But Hugh Trevor-Roper's vicious satire of the *Study* as the would-be bible of a bogus new universal religion of Mish-Mash comes closer to the mark. Toynbee was a prophet. Like his contemporaries Karl Jaspers, Pitirim Sorokin, and Lewis Mumford, he sought and found in the vicissitudes of world history a promise of salvation from the evils of the 20th century.

Mankind and Mother Earth conveys the same prophetic message as the *Study*, although most of it is confined to the opening and closing chapters, and only rarely wrinkles the inexorable narrative line of the text in between. Once again, it is humankind's deafness to religious truth, the institution of the local sovereign state, and the alienation of the masses by ruthless and greedy ruling elites that account for earthly misery. Once again, a spiritual renaissance, inspiring the establishment of a humane global commonwealth, alone can save us from disaster. The only new element in the picture is the ecological crisis, the threat of the destruction of the biosphere (a term erroneously credited by Toynbee to Teilhard de Chardin), for which management of resources by world government is the single rational solution.

One may not agree with Toynbee's formula for rescuing the human race. His hope that life can be transfigured "from a pandemonium into a communion of saints" may seem naive. But it is regrettable, in a century so desperately short of charismatic moral leaders of Toynbee's intellectual stature, that even in old age he felt compelled to waste the greater part of his energies playing at scientific historiography. We have scientific historians aplenty. We have only a few Toynbees, and when even they succumb to the *Zeitgeist* of a scientific age and feel obliged to hide most of their light under scholarly bushels, it is more than regrettable. It is tragic. *Mankind and Mother Earth* might have been a systematic and impassioned summing-up of Toynbee's prophetic wisdom. Instead, it is just another world history, and a poor one at that, from which a few gleams of evangelical insight now and then manage to escape. □

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Dreams on Credit

The Franchiser
by Stanley Elkin
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 359 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by John Leonard

Ben Flesh, orphan, franchiser, and "true democrat," has a drastic solution to his identity problem: "He would discover which men's names were for sale and he would buy them and have that going for him." He can afford to buy other men's names because he has an edge. His godfather, Julius Finsberg, who amassed a fortune making the costumes for American musical comedies, dies and leaves Ben Flesh nothing less than the prime interest rate: "Not money, but the use of money." He can borrow at the prime rate up to the value of the Finsberg estate, with the approval of the Finsberg children.

Borrow and buy he does, franchises, those filling stations of the American mind and stomach, "the Esperanto of simple need": Fred Astaire, Arthur Treacher, H&R Block, Dr Pepper, One-Hour Martinizing, Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics, Chicken From the Colonel, Jacuzzi Whirlpool—not to mention Dairy Queen, Texaco, Dunkin' Donuts, Ho-Jo, Taco Bell, Radio Shack, Burger King, Cinema I, and Mister Softee. ("The Mister Softees are all melted. The Lord has beaten the Mister Softees back into yogurt cultures.") He lives on the road, "on my itinerary," driving from one franchise to the next, "garbageless." The interstate highway, the access road, the cloverleaf, are extensions of Ben Flesh, reticular formations of the nation in his head: "And if he bought and sold so much, if he was so active, perhaps, too, there was something else he wanted, something cooler and more spiritual even than enough cash: something no less than empire itself—to be the man who made America look like America."

Like his godfather, he is selling costumes. America is his musical comedy: "What a heritage! Ben Flesh himself like a note on sheet music, the clefs of his neon logos in the American sky. All the businesses he'd had. The road companies of Colonel Sanders, Baskin-Robbins, Howard Johnson's, Travel Inn, *all* his franchises. Why, he belonged everywhere, anywhere!"

It is a brilliant conceit—the franchising of America on the prime interest rate; manifest destiny on credit. It is also considerably more than a conceit. It is a frenzied parable, rather as though the Wandering Jew and Willy Loman had gotten together on a vaudeville act. Who, after all, is displaced by the franchise? Ben Flesh knows: "Kiss off the neighborhood grocers and corner druggists and little shoemakers." Kiss off, in other words, ethnicity, roots. Assimilate. Homogenize. What's in the melting pot? Campbell's soup, Kraft cheese, Kool-Aid. All the little yogurt cultures will be turned into one big Mister Softee.

The Franchiser is Stanley Elkin's fourth novel, and his best. (There is also a collection of accomplished short stories, *Criers and Kibitzers, Kibitzers and Criers*, and one of superb novellas, *Searches and Seizures*.) What is amazing is that each new one is more expansive than the last, an opening up, a larger appetite. We are accustomed to novelists who contract into their talent, who make fists, whose careers ultimately come to resemble Russian eggs in which the same idea gets smaller and smaller, down to stylistic tricks and quirks of temperament.

Elkin, too, is twitchy and quirky. His prose is suspicious, as if somebody might be sneaking up on it with a giggle or a knife. When a notion itches, he stops to scratch it. And he can't stop noticing. "Why," wonders Ben Flesh, "were there never any black streakers?" And: "There may be something genuinely evil in the idea of an N.F.L. Maybe the Miami Dolphins is an evil concept." And, later: "He marvels at their bump-toe shoes, their thick filets of composition heels like shiny mignon or rosy cross sections of pressed geology. Where had he seen such men? Sitting beside him when he had ridden on airplanes, with their slim gun-metal attaché cases open on their laps like adult pencil boxes." His books are not so much plotted as they are declared—this is what I'm thinking about, what's on my mind—and then stuffed with situations like a suitcase: hurry up, time to move on, we're late.

But his prodigality is winning. If other novelists trifling with middle age tend to hoard, Elkin spends. If they burrow into themselves to lick their wounds, he seems to be looking for a way out and to

"You look like folks who would enjoy our Seurats."

John Leonard, chief cultural correspondent of The New York Times, *is the author of four novels, none of them, in his estimation, as good as Stanley Elkin's.*

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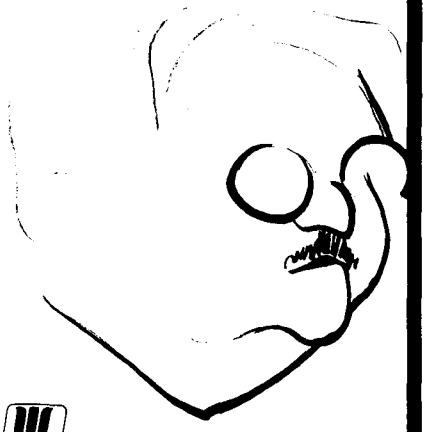

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be willing to gnaw through the timbers and the plastic of the Republic to find it, dragging history and Jewishness and some unspecified sin—against the self, the past, the future—along with him. From the gymnasiums and seedy hotels of *Boswell* to the department stores of *A Bad Man* to the airwaves of *The Dick Gibson Show* to the "everywhere, anywhere" of *The Franchiser*, he is omnivorous. Each new hole in the wall opens on a bigger trap, but he perseveres.

So THE PLOT flounders. The texture, however, is exact, the sense of motion and of place, the jostling of ghosts and dreams in a room or in the imagination. When Ben Flesh visits a franchise, One-Hour Martinizing, we are there:

> He loved the shop, the smells of the naphthas and benzenes, the ammonias, all the alkalis and fats, all the solvents and gritty lavas, the silken detergents and ultimate soaps, like the smell, he decided, of flesh itself, of release, the disparate chemistries of pore and sweat. . . . The sexuality of it. . . . And hanging in the air, too—where would they go?—dirt, the thin, exiguous human clays, divots, ash and soils, dust devils of being.

His father, of course, was a tailor.

Or, at a party at his Fred Astaire franchise, what message has he for his guests?

> I come from Fred Astaire! I bring Ginger Rogers' spicy "Hi." . . . We should take over the stations and put out the real news. For everyone murdered a million unscathed, for every fallen farmer so many upright. We would put it out. Bulletin: Prisoners use sugar in their coffee! Do you see the sweet significance? We argue the death penalty and even convicts eat dessert. The cooks do the best they can. They have their eye out for the good fruit and the green vegetables. Oh, the astonishing manifestations of love! Rainbows wouldn't melt in their mouths! . . . I come from Fred Astaire, *everybody dance!*

His will to believe in America as a musical comedy, a happy ending, is desperate. The Jews, of course, produced most of our musical comedies, and most of our comedians: love me, accept me.

Ben Flesh will fail. The Finsberg children—"the murderously divided twins and triplets," named after figures in musical comedy, dying one by one of diseases of character—will refuse him credit. He will sink all of his franchises into a Travel Inn of his own, and no one will come. "It was the start of his ecstasy attack." Name, place, roots, dignity, even garbage will be denied him, for the sin of enthusiasm, of wanting too much to be loved by his country. He will be denied as well an understanding of the dimensions of his own failure, which is about as merciful as Stanley Elkin in his hyperconsciousness is prepared to be.

The Franchiser is the best of Elkin's novels because throughout it he sustains and controls his metaphor; he grapples with, and mostly subdues, his vagaries. The franchise signifies homelessness. A logo is not a name. A nation goes, in costume after One-Hour Moralizing, to war, not to musical comedy. The access roads are jammed with refugees, not salesmen, and there is no Esperanto for their complex needs. The immigrants who shortened their names, the Jews who changed them, the slaves who borrowed new ones from their masters, were consequently diminished. They tailored who they were to the specifications of a culture that wanted someone else, insofar as the culture knew anything at all about what it wanted. And their wrists stuck out, their shoulders were wrong, they had to be taken in at the back and the nose. To eat at a McDonald's and to sleep at a Holiday Inn was to be a stranger in a bizarre land.

It is his best novel, too, because his sympathies for Ben Flesh are less conditional than they have been for the protagonists in his other novels. One sensed contempt in those books, even in *The Dick Gibson Show*. (Which is closest to *The Franchiser*: the disc jockey, the radio Miss Lonelyhearts taking phone calls, is a splendid metaphor. Traumas talk to us through the cavities in Gibson's teeth.) One senses here a sad identification. Elkin, who is among our finest writers, has decided to forgive his character for trespasses against himself and the convenience of the nation. It is not Ben's fault that he dreamed wrong. ☐

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This was the chair of ease I ever aimed at.
I'll make a bonfire of my books immediately . . .
Pack up my plate and goods and steal away
By night at water-gate; it is but penning . . .
Two or three bitter books against the White House
And then I'm in . . . again
As firm as e'er I was, as fat and flourishing.

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Naturalist in New York

Red Wolves and Black Bears
by Edward Hoagland
Random House, 273 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Larry L. King

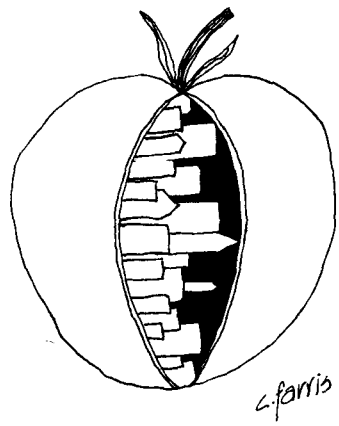
Edward Hoagland is an American rarity, a man equally at home in the city or in the country; he knows that for all its natural attritions and confusions life can be good, that even if one must be wary of urban muggers there are rewards in observing the fascinating human parade, that there is beauty in the howl of the wolf, and that the sights from an airplane, "even above a mat of cloud cover, are themselves worth the fare." In *Red Wolves and Black Bears*, a fine collection of essays far above the usual journalistic grub work of the free-lance writer performing with one eye on the clock and the other on accumulating bills, Mr. Hoagland makes us ashamed that we seldom pause to look, that we rush through life blindly, that we become too easily attached to our armchairs, that we ignore the miracles and ordered marches of the magic universe:

> Any careful study of living things, whether wolves, bears, or man, reminds one . . . of the clarity of the fact that evolution itself is obviously not some process of drowning beings clutching at straws and climbing from suffering and travail and virtual expiration to tenuous, momentary survival. Rather, evolution has been a matter of days well-lived, chameleon strength, energy, zappy sex, sunshine stored up, inventiveness, competitiveness, and the whole fun of busy brain cells. Watch how a rabbit loves to run; watch him set scenting puzzles for the terrier behind him. Or a wolf's amusement at the anatomy of a deer. Tug, tug, he pulls out the intestines: ah, Yorick, how *long* you are!

He understands, you see, that while the world chooses victims it is not always randomly done or without purpose. Nor is Hoagland's the mindless, determined, toothy optimism of the professional "positive thinker"; rather, his is an optimism based upon careful observations honed by a keen intelligence and filtered through the sensibilities of the artist. The next time the world is too much with me, and I am contemplating climbs to fatal heights, I might do worse than to reinstruct myself from his essays. It would be the next best thing to having him drop over for coffee.

Larry L. King is the author of, among other books, The Old Man and Lesser Mortals.

Living in an America where "the roads are full and the woods empty," Edward Hoagland spends roughly half the year tramping through the Vermont wilds and much of the balance exploring the sidewalks of New York. There are side trips, as a journalist, to inspect other places. Near Houston, driving past endless subdivisions with such names as Crystal Forest, Roman Forest, Kings Forest, and Forgotten Forest, he makes the hilarious comment that "the names draw buyers particularly well where there aren't any trees." This, along with other observations—such as that where subways once were for sleeping they no longer are (because "if the transit police didn't prevent old bums from snoozing the night away while rumbling back and forth from Brooklyn to the Bronx, somebody would set them on fire")—might in-



duce the careless reader to conclude that Mr. Hoagland prefers the red wolves, black bears, or cracker-barrel philosophers of remote places to those predators inhabiting city precincts. Not necessarily so: "City people are more supple than country people, and the sanest city people, being more tested and more broadly based in the world of men, are the sanest people on earth. As to honesty, though, or good sense, no clear-cut distinction exists either way." Few of us, irrevocably committed as most of us are to either town or country, are so able to rise above the knee-jerk prejudices of our chosen environment. Mr. Hoagland, the companion of bedroll scientists observing rural wildlife as well as the consort of urban intellectuals, simply has become more well rounded than the rest of us.

In a single essay ("Apocalypse Enough: Of Newts and Mice"), Mr. Hoagland at once links life, death, sex and unisex, world starvation, survival of the fittest, female liberation, child-rearing, a cannibalistic laboratory mouse, and Lord knows what all. The amazing thing is not only that the essay emerges as a coherent piece, but that each of the subjects is treated—however briefly—in such depth as to stand alone if need be.

MUCH OF THIS COLLECTION is about writing; one should pay attention, for certainly Mr. Hoagland is among the best contemporary practitioners of the craft. In examining modern American novelists, he nominates as his co-favorites Updike and Roth: "Updike for writing about 20 years of marriage while everybody else is writing about 20 years of divorce, and for trying hard to be a broad-spectrum writer at an unlikely time; Roth because of the intensity of his commitment to individual intuitions and the daring of individual books." He concludes, in musing on regional writers, that most "real writing" of late has been produced by writers with a strong sense of place and roots. He feels, though, that with regionalism dying in America, and with our becoming homogenized, writers must increasingly return to the themes of "marriage and death and fear and joy just as the classic writers did." He worries that nature writers soon may not be able to write easily of the wild because of rapid urbanization: "From now on an act of imagination will be required, equivalent to the effort of a man who is not a war veteran writing a war novel; even if the writer be Stephen Crane, some of the richness of reality is going to be lost." An essay entitled "Nine Small Literary Truths" is funny and perceptive, and should not escape the notice of those who write or those who aspire to.

Mr. Hoagland offers other essays that, subjectively speaking, are possibly of lesser merit: one on walking in the city, one on our attitudes toward heroes (once we revered them, now we kill them), one on the circus, and a longish one perhaps telling me more than I care to know about bears. Still, this is a book to delight, titillate, and instruct. Among American moderns, I have long privately felt that two writers—Norman Mailer and Reynolds Price—have the ability to make me feel abysmally ignorant even as they improve me. Though a proud man would naturally guard against that list becoming excessively long, it is only fair to add the name of Edward Hoagland. □

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Dictators and Other Mortals

Reasons of State
by Alejo Carpentier
Translated by Frances Partridge
Knopf, 309 pp., $10

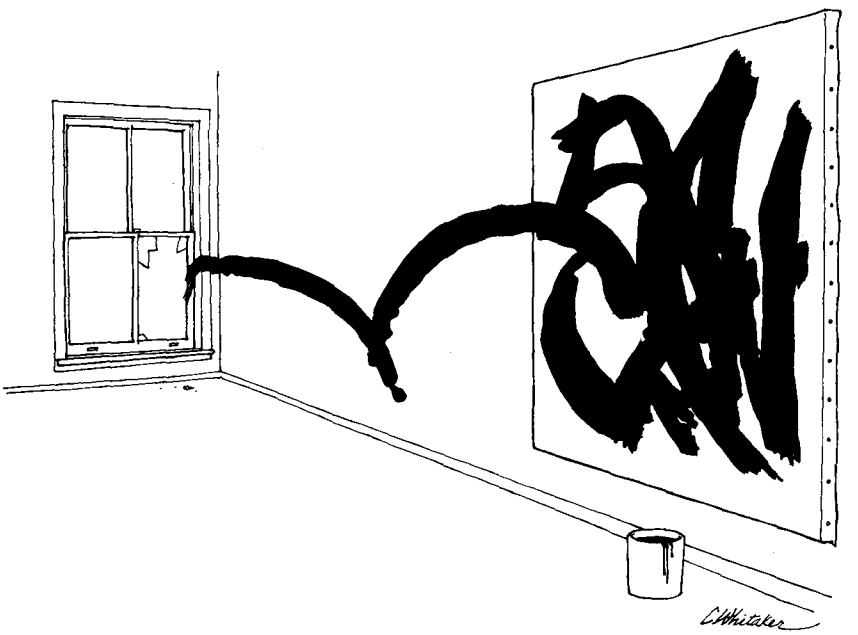
Reviewed by Gregory Rabassa

Some who follow trends have said that the so-called boom in the Spanish-American novel has died down. It could be said, rather, that the boom was but a backfire that has jarred the rest of the world into a new awareness of Spanish-American writing and blown the doors of the Spanish language open to a new verve and inventiveness, previously found only in the Portuguese of Brazil. The vehicle of Spanish-American fiction is running smoothly now and has joined the literary mainstream.

Actually, a few hemispheric writers were already going strong before the "boom," and for them the new wave meant discovery outside of their language. This is the case with Jorge Luis Borges, Miguel Angel Asturias, and Alejo Carpentier, and of these three authors Carpentier is the most analytical. Borges fashions his notions to fit his procrustean universe, while Asturias restates indigenous myths so that they will reflect his panoramic view of issues and events. Carpentier digs into the past; it almost seems as if he cannot get away from it, even in his novel *The Lost Steps*, which is contemporary in time but is really a search for origins—the origin first of music and then of the whole concept of civilization. Taken together, the elements of the search form a mosaic of the factors that went into the making of Latin America. For this reason, Carpentier is the wisest of those who were writing before the "boom" and then became a part of it.

Heretofore, the analysis of Latin America, with a few exceptions, has been either superficial or an exercise in patriotics. Carpentier has looked deeper, always keeping a historical perspective. He is particularly attuned to the French influence, which other authors have too often neglected—except as a cliché. Haiti and the French pirates of the Caribbean have been the subjects of two previous Carpentier novels, *Explosion in a Cathedral* and *The Kingdom of the World*. In this new novel, too, although it deals with a Latin American dictator, the French element is important, since the tyrant is an ardent Francophile and the novel begins and ends in Paris.

There seems to be a sort of subgenre in the new Latin American novel, one concerned with that typical and even stereotypical figure, the dictator. The outsider's point of view about Latin tyrants, after all, is not so wrong, and now that Latin Americans have stopped being touchy and defensive about the subject, they have brought the matter to the fore with a whole series of novels dealing with dictatorship and dictators. Asturias became known through his novel *El Señor Presidente*. Gabriel García Márquez, after gathering together all manner of material, has written what he has threatened will be his last novel, *The Autumn of the Patriarch*. Both novels deal with Latin American dictators. Equally important but less heralded are *El secuestro del general* (*The Kidnapping of the General*), by Demetrio Aguilera-Malta, an Orwellian and futuristic look at the fabrication of a tyrant, and *De milagros y de melancolías* (*Of Miracles and Melancholies*), by Manuel Mujica-Lainez, a satirical compendium and condensation of all Latin American history, cut to fit any and all countries. The North American novelist R. M. Koster, who lives in Panama, has written what is perhaps the most violent novel of them all, *The Prince*, set in the mythical country of Tinieblas.



CARPENTIER'S DICTATOR in *Reasons of State* is a polished man. He is such an admirer of things French and the culture of Paris that he counts among his friends Mme. Verdurin; owns some Elstir paintings, which he keeps in his Paris apartment; and enjoys the music of Vinteuil. Like García Márquez, Carpentier has borrowed characters from Proust to place alongside his own, some of whom he has borrowed from real life—e.g., Enoch Crowder and Porfirio Díaz. The country ruled by this unnamed dictator has all the geographical and historical attributes of Latin America. It could, indeed, be the same country ruled by García Márquez's dictator.

The comparison of this novel with the one by García Márquez is inevitable because the two books really tell the same tale, banal as it is, of the tribulations of a man in power. As is so often the case with the well-written story of an ogre, the reader will, upon entering the mind and feelings of the dictator, come to sympathize with him and wish him well as he confronts his enemies. It is the actual reading of *Reasons of State* that so clearly shows the dangers of the powerful effects of such intimacy. As we read it we become, in a sense, Albert Speer.

Carpentier's pathetic Head of State goes down to defeat and is helped into exile with the connivance of the American ambassador. When he reaches his

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Gregory Rabassa is professor of romance languages at Queens College in New York and is translating The Autumn of the Patriarch, *by Gabriel García Márquez.*

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beloved Paris, he finds that his daughter, who has stayed in Europe, has replaced his Elstirs and other turn-of-the-century paintings with those of the Cubists and other new schools, which to him are an abomination. There is a "generation gap," which Carpentier shows to be as tedious as ever. The Head of State is, then, a man out of his time, left to decay in a Paris that is no longer his. He dies there and is buried near Porfirio Díaz.

Carpentier has given us another facet to the recent upsurge of interest in tyrants in Latin America. Government is obviously important there: novelists are able to use it as an integral part of their work, in contrast to the rather flat and superficial pictures we often get of governments elsewhere. The recent "boom" has produced a subgenre that has its roots in Homer and Thucydides; it may be that our time-kept literary traditions now have Latin America as their strongest energy source.

Incidentally, Carpentier's original title was *El recurso del metodo*, with a neat play on words showing the connection to Descartes's *Discourse on Method*. Granted, the translation into English would be difficult, but did the publisher have to go so far as to call the book *Reasons of State*, which has nothing to do with Carpentier's aim? This is not the first time he has been poorly served by English titles: his *Explosion in a Cathedral* was originally *El siglo de las luces* (*The Century of Light*), a much more cogent expression of his theme.

Apart from the book's infelicitous title-in-translation—which may not be her fault—Frances Partridge has done an admirable job in rendering this difficult story into English. Her translation reads like Carpentier. □

New Books

Controversy and Other Essays in Journalism 1950–1975
by William Manchester
Little, Brown, 432 pp., $12.95

After a long and pointless narrative by William Manchester on his problems in dealing with the Kennedys while writing *Death of a President*, this ragtag collection settles down to a series of essays that indicate the author's impressionistic approach to 20th-century American history, as evidenced in the title of his two-volume remembrance of things past, *The Glory and the Dream*. Manchester be-

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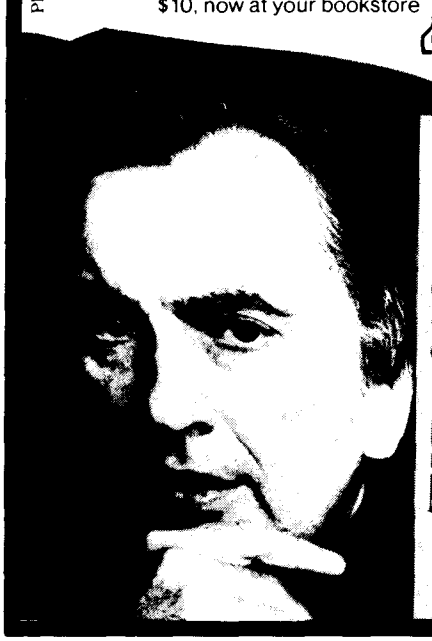
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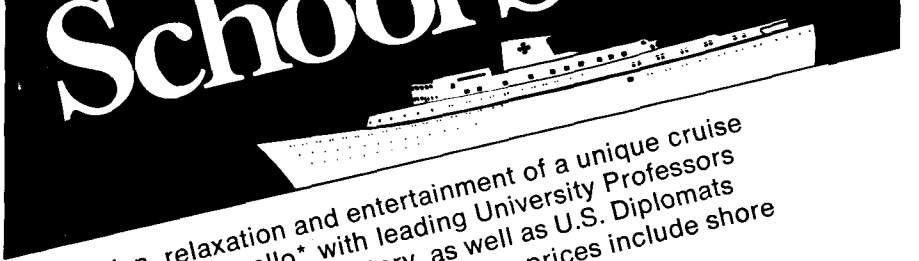
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lieves in a kind of Frank Capra America in which the worst crises become the crucibles for democratic achievements of the highest order. Curiously enough, the best piece in the book is a recollection on his mentor, H. L. Mencken, whose cynicism about Americans stands in utter contrast to Manchester's eternal optimism. Nor is Manchester's prose in the walnut-cracker Mencken tradition. It is straightforward American reportage, and the farther back he goes—to the Spanish-American War and World War I (which he of course calls "The Great War")—the less engaging is the story. His profiles of Adlai Stevenson and Walter Reuther seem dated and quaint, as does his puckish assessment of the eccentricities of *The New York Times*. But in such essays as "The Island War" and "Corps d'Elite" (about the marines), Manchester has an unerring sense of the best anecdote and its best place in the paragraph. If he is a slippery historian, he is still one of the best storytellers around. If you like your history painted in broad, nostalgic strokes, let William Manchester write it all.

JOHN F. MARIANI

•

The Devil Finds Work

by James Baldwin
Dial, 122 pp., $6.95

Appropriately enough, James Baldwin's first full-length work of film criticism darts from movies themselves to social history to autobiography with the acrobatic ease of a camera. The prospect of a "rap" on film by our premier black essayist can only arouse bright expectations, and indeed Baldwin fulfills them in certain ways: he offers a provocative discussion of the impact of white film stars on the black temperament, a frightening account of his interrogation by the FBI, a sensitively rendered vignette about the effects of racial inequality on a white cab driver.

Unhappily, these passages are less typical of Baldwin's book than the banality which we encounter at frequent intervals. Many a dead horse is dragged out for another whipping, with the much-lacerated victims including Stanley Kramer's 1967 film *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* and the treatment of black people by white landlords and racist cops. What is more disturbing is Baldwin's habit of recycling historical facts and works of art for his own polemical use (he tells us that the often-disparaged Charles Lindbergh "was never considered anything less than a superb and loyal patriot" and that the anti-imperialist *Lawrence of Arabia* is an endorsement of the "bloody course of empire").

These intellectual postures are perhaps not surprising in a mind which has decided that all forms of evil—materialism, cruelty, fascism—are the viruses of a "sick" white culture and that black goodness and resilience are the only antidotes. Such notions, dissolving all individual guilt into racial polarities of virtue and vice, are a sad descent from Baldwin's earlier, more complex writing.

ROBERT F. MOSS

•

Doctor Rat

by William Kotzwinkle
Knopf, 256 pp., $7.95

Doctor Rat is a fictionalized anti-vivisectionist tract, *The Jungle* from the steer's point of view, *Animal Farm* as concentration camp. Narrated by various animals, including some singing whales and monkeys that might better have been kept working on the Bible, the novel is dominated by a mad laboratory rat who defends man's experiments with animals, himself included. Often quoting from university studies and scientific journals, *Doctor Rat* describes these experiments in detail gruesome enough to make anyone wonder about their utility and the nature of the people who perform them.

But the book should not have been a novel. After giving us the initial shocks of roasting rats and suffocating dogs, Kotzwinkle fills the narrative with an animal uprising and lyrical animal reveries illustrating "the essential unity of all creatures." Neither device works. Alternating between shrillness and sentiment, *Doctor Rat* ultimately cancels itself out, even those early pages that should go into an essay for everyone to read.

THOMAS LECLAIR

•

The Diary of Anaïs Nin, Vol. 6

Edited by Gunther Stuhlmann
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 464 pp., $12.95

In Favor of the Sensitive Man and Other Essays

by Anaïs Nin
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 176 pp., $2.95 (paper)

An upbeat ending graces the sixth volume of Anaïs Nin's *Diary*, which covers the years 1955 to 1966. She started the piecemeal publication of her *Diary* in that lucky final year, at a moment when feminists were eager to learn about a

"Between 1962 and 1974 I was a frog. Then in 1975 I was crowned King, and 1975 was a very bad year for kings."

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woman who seemed to have remained untrapped, even by her own beauty. Already, as volume 6 moves out of the flatlands of the Fifties and into the arduous, adventurous Sixties, one gets the sense that Miss Nin was coming into her own—that the *Zeitgeist*, so often laggard, was hurrying to embrace her. The young began to share her interest in inner worlds, although they took the drug shortcut to visionary states that she feels are better achieved through art. Women, wresting themselves free from "togetherness," would soon applaud her stubborn independence, her refusal to consider herself anything less than an important writer at a time when her poetic novels were cold-shouldered by the literary establishment.

She takes her newly won success well, never pretending she isn't pleased. Anyone who has read the earlier volumes of her *Diary*, which begins in the heady Thirties, when the literary life opened for her in Paris, knows she sweated for it. The fact that she rates a salute, however, does not mean that volume 6—or her collection of articles on men and women, on the arts and travel, *In Favor of the Sensitive Man and Other Essays*—is without a characteristic fault. Uprooted from Europe to America as a child, Miss Nin counters in her work the harsh, anti-poetic environment that overwhelmed her then. Her writing is a corrective, as lime sherbet is a corrective to a heavy meal—but a diet exclusively of lime sherbet quickly palls. That is the danger Miss Nin does not always succeed in avoiding. During her more rarefied stretches, the subversive side of the reader begins to long for some appalling instance of vulgarity, like a belch or a TV dinner.

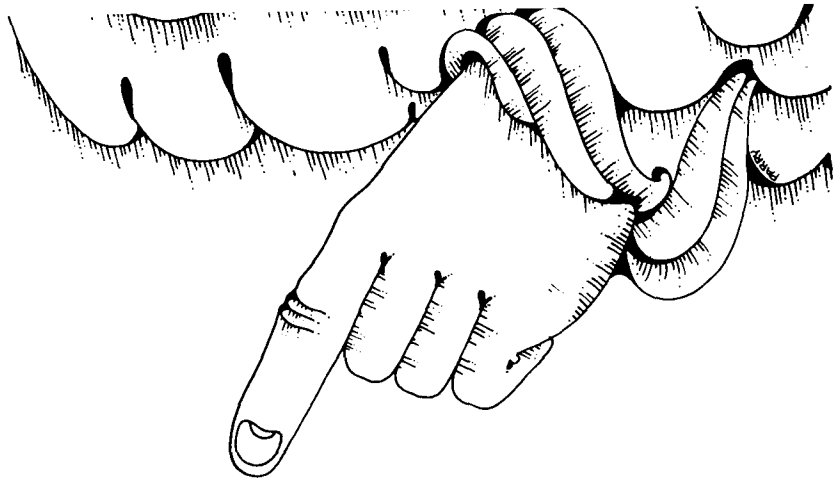
RALPH TYLER

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 59

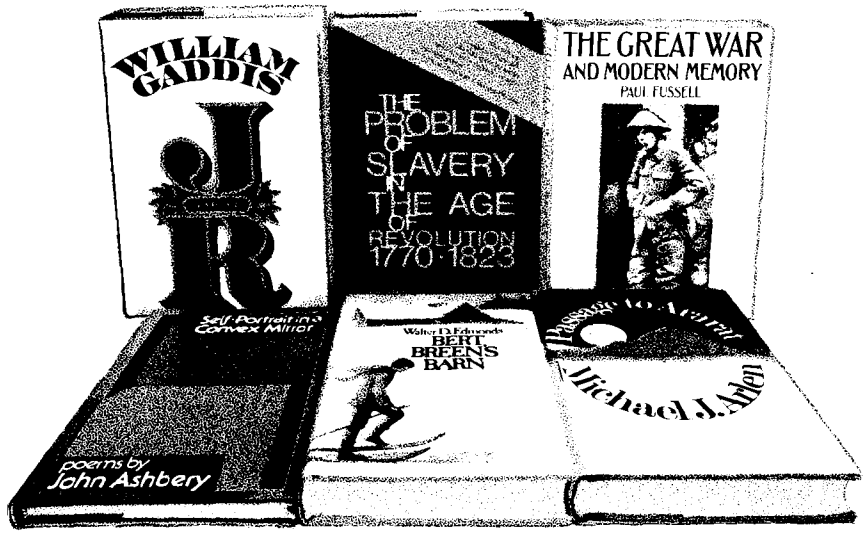
A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 62.

XOTJRT WY ITGIVY I
XWYFILR; MDR YSMOTJ
DRZRT JM IDVFSWDK
FSIF MDR AIDDMF FITL
IQMOF IBFRT JWDDRT.

—GWTJR



Out of the many, only 6 have been chosen.



Of the 41 nominees, only these 6 have won the

1976 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

Administered by the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

POETRY
SELF-PORTRAIT IN A CONVEX MIRROR / John Ashbery (Viking Press)

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE
BERT BREEN'S BARN / Walter D. Edmonds (Little, Brown)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY
THE PROBLEM OF SLAVERY IN THE AGE OF REVOLUTION: 1770-1823 / David Brion Davis (Cornell Univ. Press)

FICTION
JR / William Gaddis (Alfred A. Knopf)

ARTS & LETTERS
THE GREAT WAR AND MODERN MEMORY / Paul Fussell (Oxford Univ. Press)

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS
PASSAGE TO ARARAT / Michael J. Arlen (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

From the Heart

Wonder of wonders, here's an anthology of poetry, edited by a poet, and it contains none of his own poems! It's *Heartland II* (there was a *Heartland I* in 1967), edited by Lucien Stryk (Northern Illinois University Press, $10 cloth, $5 paper), and it gives you a lot of poets —79—for the money. Stryk claims there's a Midwestern renaissance, and that well may be, for there are mighty fine poets here: Marvin Bell, R. P. Dickey, Gary Gildner, Jim Harrison, and Ted Kooser, whom I'm always going on about. Many of the poems are surprisingly affirmative —maybe their high spirits are what differentiates mid-continent poets from the rest. Take, for example, David Allan Evans's "Neighbors":

They live alone
together,
she with her wide hind
and bird face,
he with his hung belly
and crewcut.
They never talk
but keep busy.
Today they are
washing windows
(each window together)
she on the inside
he on the outside.
He squirts Windex
at her face;
she squirts Windex
at his face.
Now they are waving
to each other
with rags,
not smiling.

A Cannonball of a Book

Only one out of six people I asked knew who Bill Tilden was. Shocking! And this was the greatest tennis player of all time—indeed, the greatest athlete of the first half of the century, according to a poll of sportswriters in 1950. Frank Deford has written a cannonball of a biography about him, one that I rate 6–0, 6–0, 6–0, *Big Bill Tilden* (Simon & Schuster, June 25, $8.95). Tilden, who was six feet one and one-half inches tall (he always stressed that half), began playing tournament tennis at age 27, and he was king for the next 7 years. He ended up almost a bum in Hollywood, where he served two jail sentences for sexually molesting small boys. But in his heyday:

Tilden himself said, "I can stand crowds only when I am working in front of them, but then I love them." Obviously the crowds and the game were his sex. For a large part of his life, the glory years, all the evidence suggests that he was primarily asexual; it was not until he began to fade as a player and there were not enough crowds to play to that his homosexual proclivities really took over. But ahh, when he was king, he would often appear to trap himself in defeat, as he had against Shimizu, so that he could play the better role, prolonging his afternoon as the cynosure in the sun, prancing and stalking upon his chalked stage, staring at officials, fuming at the crowd, now toying with his opponent, then saluting him grandly, spinning, floating, jumping, playing his own sweet game, reveling in the game.

"He says his tribe doesn't have a written language."

A Running History

Frank Muir, who is apparently a famous TV celebrity in England, has come up with an odd and dip-intoable treasury—a kind of commonplace book, or annotated anthology, briskly titled *An Irreverent and Thoroughly Incomplete Social History of Almost Everything* (Stein & Day, June 4, $10). He's taken six big, big topics—music, education, literature, theater, art, and food and drink —and given a running history of each, from the Greeks on up, interspersing his commentary with many short quotations, most of them denunciatory. Rossini, for example, says, "Wagner has beautiful moments but awful quarter hours." Sir Robert Hutchison, of the Royal College of Physicians, observes that "vegetarianism is harmless enough, though it is apt to fill a man with wind and self-righteousness." And from the ever-dependable Fred Allen: "English coffee tastes like water that has been squeezed out of a wet sleeve."

Aperçus

Rosellen Brown is a writer to watch; she's published a book of poetry and a collection of short stories, and now her first novel, *The Autobiography of My Mother* (Doubleday, June 4, $7.95). It concerns an old woman—a noted Alsatian-born New York civil-libertarian lawyer—and her hippie daughter, returned to the fold with an illegitimate child after years of wandering. It is a densely written and absorbing novel, studded with aperçus. For example:

Tico was one of those kids, 16, 17 maybe, who spend passionate amounts of energy looking cool and careless.

I feel like I'm waking up from a thousand pills. Coming back into focus slowly, surfacing. I feel the way a print must feel in the darkroom, bobbing up in the developer, taking shape. I'm coming together again out of darkness and shadow; then into light. Into sharpness.

His face moved the way cellists' faces do, all the inhibited action and the suppressed singing coming out at the cheeks and eyebrows. □

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artsletter

PICTORIAL MICROFICHE. University of Chicago Press is about to unveil a new publication form, called Text/Fiche, which may do for the visual arts what the long-playing record has done for music. Essentially, it's a compact and relatively inexpensive way of publishing copiously illustrated art "books." Text and captions are printed normally in booklet form. The illustrations are reproduced photographically on microfiche--which are 4" x 6" film cards, each containing 84 images in micro-size reduction. Needless to say, the illustrations must be viewed through a "reader" that enlarges them to full size. According to its sponsors, Text/Fiche eliminates many of the limitations of printing technology and provides a means of disseminating vast amounts of pictorial resources.

University of Chicago Press will initiate the program this year with 27 Text/Fiche titles. Coming in July, for example, is "Persepolis and Ancient Iran," a pictorial record of the digs carried out by the university's Oriental Institute. The package costs $25 and consists of an introductory booklet and 12 fiches, containing 82 color and 917 black-and-white photographs. Other titles will draw on the resources of the Whitney Museum, in New York; the Phillips Collection, in Washington, D.C.; and the International Museum of Photography, in Rochester.

FUND FARE. It cannot be repeated too often that the crisis of the arts in America today is a financial one. There is no dearth of creativity, no problem of public acceptance (a recent Harris poll indicates that 93 percent of Americans believe the arts to be important to the quality of life in their communities). There is a dearth of money, and finding new sources of it has become a major preoccupation of all cultural institutions in this country. Herewith some new routes that are being explored.

Real estate. New York's Museum of Modern Art has been digging into its endowment at a rate of more than $1 million a year to cover operating losses. Without new funds, the museum could be forced to close--or at best operate on a vastly curtailed basis--by the 1980s. Thus the plan to build a 40-story condominium apartment tower atop its building on West 53rd Street. The new construction would not only double the size of MOMA's exhibition space (which would allow the museum to display most of its collection for the very first time) but also provide income of at least $1 million a year. Although the trustees and the mayor of New York have given their approval, the plan is not without hazards. First, no one can say for sure whether enough buyers will materialize for the high-priced apartments (though the ultra-posh Olympic Tower condominium, just around the corner, has been a success, similar apartment towers in Manhattan are faring far less well). Second, no one can say for sure that New York City will always agree to forgo real-estate taxes on the structure--and without tax exemption a major component of the museum's projected income is gone. Despite the hazards, plans are going ahead, with a due date for completion three to four years hence.

Parties. Not really new but increasing in frequency and scope are gala parties aimed at raising substantial sums of money for cultural institutions. Two big ones have just been held in New York City. On May 9 a "Star-Spangled Gala" was held at the Metropolitan Opera House to aid the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center. Since its facilities are used intensively by professional musicians, dancers, and actors, it seemed only proper that they should team up for a fund-raising party. The list of participants included

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Suzanne Farrell, Elizabeth Taylor, Gwen Verdon, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Paul Simon, and the net receipts came to approximately $200,000.

Nine days later it was Carnegie Hall's turn. Unlike most other cultural institutions in New York, Carnegie Hall is not in dire financial straits; indeed, until recently, it operated in the black. But now capital improvements are needed for the building, and Carnegie Hall would also like to sponsor a national youth orchestra. Again, the participating artists performed without fee. They included Vladimir Horowitz, Yehudi Menuhin, Mstislav Rostropovich, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Leonard Bernstein (conducting the New York Philharmonic), and, of course, Carnegie Hall's president and onetime savior, Isaac Stern. At $1,000 a ticket, the gala concert is believed to have brought in more than $1.5 million.

Prospectus. A time-honored way of raising money is quite simply to ask for contributions. The Foundation for the Joffrey Ballet, which is seeking to raise $1.5 million, has made its pitch in an unusual and enlightening way. The presentation takes the form of a prospectus, which any stockbroker or securities analyst would instantly recognize as conforming to the full-disclosure rules laid down by the SEC for new stock or bond offerings.

It's a fascinating document. Detailed statements of income and expenses for the Joffrey Ballet's last three years are given, together with estimates for 1976. Under the rubric "Business," we learn that the company's weekly touring fee is $56,200 (it goes up on July 1), that it employs 58 musicians in New York but only 7 on tour (the local sponsor provides the rest), and that the average remuneration for dancers in 1975 was $11,775.

There's a good reason why Joffrey's prospectus has that authentic Wall Street look. James Siegel, Joffrey's director of finance and development, had plenty of practice preparing similar presentations when he was a vice-president at Kuhn Loeb & Co.

SMALL PRESSES, LITTLE MAGAZINES. The dedicated publishers of unknown--or uncommercial--writers have recently been getting some deserved financial encouragement. A new series of grants to small presses was announced last month by the National Endowment for the Arts. A total of $345,460 will go to 112 small independent publishers, of which 80 are receiving Endowment assistance for the first time. "These grants," said NEA chairman Nancy Hanks, "are in the rich tradition of serious literature in America, since the nation's small presses are generally the first to publish emerging writers of poetry and fiction."

Concurrently, the Ford Foundation has made a grant of $439,636 to the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines, an organization formed nine years ago by the publishers and editors of America's many "little magazines." The money will be used to help expand the readership of these magazines by improving their distribution and promotion. For example, a special library subscription agency for little magazines is to be set up, and distribution to university bookstores will be put on a more businesslike basis. Any noncommercial literary magazine at least a year old that has produced a minimum of three issues may apply to the Council (80 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011) for participation in the projects. It's good to note that the Ford Foundation is still funding some new programs in the arts despite severe overall cutbacks.

Anyone wishing to sample the work published by small presses and little magazines can find it in a new 500-page anthology of fiction, poetry, and essays entitled "The Pushcart Prize, 1976: Best of the Small Presses" ($12.50, from The Pushcart Press, P.O. Box 845, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701). Its editor is Bill Henderson, author and publisher of "The Publish-It-Yourself Handbook."

ROLAND GELATT

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A Brazilian Enigma

by Katharine Kuh

Ouro Preto, Brazil

As miles are measured in Brazil, the distance from Rio to Ouro Preto and neighboring towns in the state of Minas Gerais is negligible, yet visitors are relatively rare. Why, I cannot fathom. Moreover, that fastest-growing South American leviathan, São Paulo (now nearing a population close to 10 million), is also located within easy reach. To escape from its polluted air (reputedly the worst in the world), its architectural jungle, even for a weekend is a bonanza, but to escape merely to Rio, as most Americans do, is a mistake. For there, too, despite a setting of ineluctable beauty, man is busy demolishing his environment with mindless high-rise buildings that block superb mountain backdrops. Zoning in São Paulo and Rio seems a forgotten amenity, with the latter city becoming increasingly reminiscent of Miami Beach and its glutted waterfronts.

In contrast, the Baroque towns of Minas Gerais, located in the interior of Brazil, are direct results of a different "gold rush," which climaxed around the middle of the 18th century, attracting numberless Portuguese and colonial adventurers. Known as *bandeirantes* (after the word for flag), they poured into the state, gradually settling there and prospering. Beneath the purple-red earth, diamonds and especially gold proliferated. Handsome cities with a plethora of churches, fountains, public buildings, and cobbled streets ranging up and down mountainsides remain in much their original format, and, though the ancient mines are now exhausted and the towns diminished in size and power, the area is far from deserted. The number of churches is almost overpowering, for each religious order commissioned its own towered edifice. It was Jesuit missionaries who first brought the bastard Baroque style, admittedly in a late blooming, to such towns as Sabará, Mariana, São João del Rei, Congonhas do Campo, and Ouro Preto ("Black Gold"), the last originally and appropriately called Villa Rica, for it was the largest settlement and also the capital of Minas Gerais. However, with the onset of industrialization the capital was moved to the modern city of Belo Horizonte.

In all honesty, admirers of the Baroque need not rush to visit these towns, though several have undeniable charm plus historical continuity. Yet they may seem

Scene from the Calvary by Aleijadinho at Congonhas.

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anticlimactic after Portugal's Manueline fantasies, with their explosive collision of European and Moorish cultures, or after the colonial architecture of Ecuador, Peru, and Mexico, where European and indigenous Indian interaction erupted into incomparable excesses. In Brazil, white facades are often enlivened by applied decorative carvings, but buildings and sculpture rarely become integrated experiences. Possibly the population of Minas Gerais, to a large degree made up of black slaves, was not advanced enough to supply inspired counterparts to Portuguese influences—the lack producing somewhat awkward, provincial, and yet attractive monuments.

A VISIT to the state is nonetheless mandatory because of one extraordinary man, Antonio Francisco Lisboa, better known as Aleijadinho ("Little Cripple"). His story and his sculpture are inextricably interwoven; he was above all an afflicted, obsessed personality, an enigma who became, without doubt, one of history's most dedicated artists. Though his work is uneven, his carvings often technically flawed, he developed into a great expressive sculptor, if not always a fluent one. As to his life, we know only the bare facts, and even these are interlarded with myth and legend. Born out of wedlock in 1738 to a black woman, and to a Portuguese carpenter attracted to Villa Rica by the promise of gold, he received no formal art training. What he picked up was doubtless supplied by his father, who eventually became a "master builder" permitted to help design the structures he worked on. Aleijadinho, during his entire career, devoted himself exclusively to sacred themes and to ecclesiastical sculpture. So far as is known, he never left Minas Gerais, and yet, miraculously, he was able to interpret the Scriptures with considerable iconographic skill. Combining a careful study of the Bible, of available prints and woodcuts illustrating it, and of the daily life around him, he created a kind of popular folk art that far transcended the genre. The images he found in holy books were often tinged with Mannerist as well as Baroque exaggerations, and these two sophisticated visions he fused into haunting composites always individualized by his own private experience.

When he was 39, he suffered an irreparable blow in the form of a progressively debilitating illness. Some say it was leprosy, others that it was a hereditary venereal disease; in any case it took

Two of the prophets at Congonhas.

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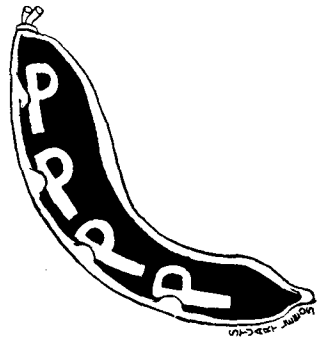
over bodily and tortured him until his death more than a quarter-century later. He developed distressing deformities so disfiguring that when at work, which now became a compulsion, he insisted on hiding behind tarpaulins. Fingers and toes eroded; he was forced to navigate on his knees, and at the same time he was racked by intense pain. Three slaves, whom he had trained as assistants, were the only associates permitted in his presence, and it was they who attached working tools to his crippled hands. His life became a nightmare and he a deeply depressed participant, but he continued to work unceasingly. Commission after commission came his way, and now, through the crucible of suffering, Aleijadinho gradually evolved his own unique style. Earlier he was already head and shoulders above his contemporaries, but he had not yet broken with orthodox applied decoration; he had not yet discovered the power of direct, even brutal, statement. At the risk of seeming romantic, we must assume that it was his personal anguish that finally freed him from all conventional trappings.

One goes to Ouro Preto to see his early work, the best of it resulting from his first important commission—for the Church of São Francisco de Assis. He devoted himself to the facade and the interior intermittently during much of his life, returning to refine and enhance both of them from time to time. Here he initiated carvings in soapstone, a soft material plentiful in the neighborhood, and one which, because of his influence, became a characteristic adjunct to church decoration there. At São Francisco de Assis, Aleijadinho infused his design with unexpected twists, carving, for example, on either side of the church portal applied pilasters that waver and reel with implied motion. Throughout his career, and never unmindful of agitated Baroque drapery, he introduced certain sinuous rhythms that brought to life even his more academic designs.

There are other churches in Ouro Preto where he worked, also in Sabará. Indeed, wherever the head of a delightful putti obtrudes, Aleijadinho's name is attached. Every small community now claims a share of his fame, the sleepiest and most endearing of which is Mariana, tucked away in a tropical valley and noteworthy chiefly for memories of its noble past. Here are moldering churches and squares—languid, overgrown, and vaguely populated. In most cases the small towns are less impressive for their individual monuments than for their overall ensembles, not infrequently suggesting idealized stage sets. But in Congonhas the situation is reversed and a single man's achievement towers above all else—and, to be sure, above all other indigenous art in Brazil.

ALEIJADINHO went to Congonhas when he was almost 60, called there to carry out ambitious plans for the Sanctuary of Bom Jesus de Matosinhos, a fairly routine 18th-century church dominating a steep hill. He remained for nine years, and, aided by a sizable corps of assistants, bequeathed to Congonhas the glory of his career. To see his extensive group of sculpture there justifies even a backbreaking night flight to Brazil. At the sanctuary, Aleijadinho conceived of two connected projects. In front of the church 12 prophets, carved from soapstone and arranged in commanding positions, present an apocalyptic assemblage of isolated yet curiously related figures. Characterized by separate identities approximating portraits, they occupy low walls and flank a double staircase leading up to the sanctuary. Here they seem part of the architecture and not merely decorative afterthoughts, for by this time Aleijadinho had come to realize that all the forms in a given project, whether sculpture or church structure, must contribute to the whole.



Under a cloudless sky the hard sun pours down on these operatic characters engaged in ardent dialogue. The wind seems to buffet them as they gesture, lean, emote with parted lips and flowing hair. They argue, persuade, accuse, point, proclaim, contemplate—and always the breath of life is there. Even more messianic are the painted wood carvings housed in six separate chapels leading to the sanctuary, and conceived as environmental assemblages a century and a half before this idea was considered avant-garde. Life-size scenes of the Crucifixion corresponding to the Stations of the Cross trace Aleijadinho's sufferings no less than Christ's. This tormented story of the Calvary belongs to them both. Taken separately, the figures could at times be mistaken for caricatures, but when viewed in context as participants of a group, they emerge with stabbing authenticity. Sadistic Roman soldiers, suffering Christs, the faithless and believers, all of them often doubling as 18th-century colonial personalities, are seen through the eyes of a clairvoyant artist. Never has religion more closely approximated the emotions of familiar communal life. It is Aleijadinho's combination of naive technique and blazing message that sets his work apart. We are not charmed, as we might be, by the innocent intensity of folk art; instead we are gripped by strong psychic reactions. Stark reality overtakes us. Aleijadinho is never quaint.

Everything is delineated in unrelenting detail. Each spike in the Cross, each toenail, wrinkle, belt, button, and wart, is presented with the utmost fidelity. Nor does the work in Congonhas show any trace of those clichés that often accompany dependence on past historic movements. The artist borrows, transforms, but never succumbs to a formula. Nor are his dramatis personae reduced to repetitive generalizations. His mixture of Portuguese flamboyance with rural realism created a hybrid style that anticipated both Surrealism and Pop. The Calvary figures perform like hallucinated actors on a dream stage, and we, the viewers, are no longer detached observers but engaged members of a theater-in-the-round. At the Last Supper, the disciples are grouped around a real table covered with a real damask cloth. Throughout, the figures exist in tangible space, and yet their almost fixated involvement elevates them to a supernatural existence.

The 66 wood carvings in the chapels as well as the 12 soapstone ones in front of the church are sometimes uneven in quality, leading historians to wonder whether Aleijadinho was responsible for all of them. There is no doubt that he masterminded both groups, but it is possible, even probable, that he personally carved only sections of certain figures—usually, I would judge, the heads, upper parts of the bodies, arms, and the entire images of Christ, the last invariably his most eloquent sculptures. The real mystery is how this untrained, untraveled recluse, a cripple suffering unremitting pain, could have achieved in his 60s an art of surpassing originality and depth. □

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The Movies

by Judith Crist

Astaire, Kelly, and MGM

The success of Jack Haley, Jr.'s, 1974 celebration of MGM's 50th anniversary, so rightly labeled *That's Entertainment!*, guaranteed a sequel. After all, Haley had selected first-class song-and-dance and dialogue sequences from 72 features and five shorts made between 1929 and 1958—the Golden Age of lush production and high productivity—provided on-screen star-hosts for loosely classified segments, and given us a fine 135-minute diversion. Think of the possibilities in those thousands of hours of still-untapped old MGM flicks, let alone all the unused sequences from Haley's sources. Gold mines—and gold fever.

That's Entertainment, Part 2—minus, you'll note, the exclamation point—is with us to provide a nostalgic wallow, testaments to real and fake talent, and an overdose of that self-congratulatory smugness that is encountered most often during the bleaker moments of Academy Award ceremonies. The Haley sophistication is missing this time in both the selection and grouping of numbers, with producers Saul Chaplin and Daniel Melnick taking a snickery and/or sentimental approach to the movie musical, for the most part a naive cinematic genre. And this, oddly, is apparent despite the debonair presence of Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly, not only as hosts—stalwartly refusing to get bogged down in Leonard Gershe's pedestrian narration—but also as song-and-dance men in special connective sequences directed by Kelly, with special lyrics by Howard Dietz and Saul Chaplin and handsome set design by John De Cuir. They're on screen too, of course, in excerpts from the musicals in which they appeared.

But how can one bother with reservations about a movie that offers not only the two best male dancers to have graced the screen but also their top duets with Judy Garland ("Be a Clown" with Kelly from *The Pirate* and "A Couple of Swells" with Astaire from *Easter Parade*) and dances with Cyd Charisse (Astaire in *Silk Stockings*, Kelly in *Singin' in the Rain*)? And there's lots more Garland, six Sinatra excerpts, bits of Bing Crosby and snips of Lena Horne, Ethel Waters, and Dinah Shore, chunks of Chevalier, a Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald duet, a couple of fine Eleanor Powell numbers, and much Kelly in and out of *An American in Paris*. And would you believe Robert Taylor singing and Greta Garbo dancing? The "Be a Clown" sequence allows the producers to segue into the Marx Brothers' famed stateroom scene and to offer bits of Laurel and Hardy, Abbott and Costello, and other comics in montage.

Bits and pieces of nonmusical films manage to bring in all the MGM biggies with obscure relevance but obvious box-office appeal—a sudden tribute to the Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn vehicles is a completely charming non-sequitur—and may well stimulate you into thinking of all the great stars who were *not* in the MGM heavens. A sequence that lumps the Marx Brothers, Ronald Colman's Sidney Carton, Roddy McDowall, Lassie, and Scarlett and Rhett seems in dubious taste, and an endless rabbit-hop number by Bobby Van borders on the unendurable. But then "wet and wonderful" Esther Williams spritzes by in a water-ski spectacular to drench us all in the super-sappiness of basic entertainment. And there are still unused numbers in *Singin' in the Rain*, and lots of Eddy-MacDonald duets and Busby Berkley production numbers still in the can. Part 3 can't be far behind.

BITS AND PIECES of *Stay Hungry* would be not only more interesting but also more coherent than the whole of this new Bob Rafelson film. Rafelson—who directed, co-produced with Harold Schneider, and co-wrote the film with Charles Gaines (on whose novel it is based)—seems still bogged down in the anti-Establishment free-spirit syndrome of the Sixties that he himself dissected so perceptively in his 1970 *Five Easy Pieces*. But the involvement with the simplistic muddle-minds apparent in his *The King of Marvin Gardens* in 1972 lingers on. The result is a paean to the musclemen and muscle-bound brains of the earth, the "common"

Sinatra and Kelly—"The Golden Age of lush production."

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folk whom—Philip Wylie once noted in an anti-Lincolnesque moment—God must have hated and that's why he made them so goddamn common.

Rafelson's anti-intellectual sage offers us Jeff Bridges as Craig Blake, scion of Southern aristocrats, orphaned while off on a game-hunting expedition and now, alone with the old retainer in the elegant family mansion, trying to find himself through crooked real-estate deals with a redneck-mafia syndicate in Birmingham. His job is to try to buy the property on which a gym is located—but one encounter with the gym folks and he knows who the "real" people are. These folks include the gargantuan Neanderthal proprietor, yclept Thor, who's training a mystery man for the Mr. Universe contest; the mystery man, an Austrian peculiarly named Joe Santo (played by an Austrian actor named Arnold Schwarzenegger), who has wow pectorals and other interesting muscles, a talent for playing country fiddle, and a laissez-faire approach to life; and the receptionist, Mary Tate, a semi-literate little sexpot who is as "real" as she is willing to bed both Joe and Craig. Craig soon learns that these folks are the salt of the earth and more fun than the country-club snobs or redneck-mafia types. After lots of fights and fiddling and snuggling, he dismantles the old mansion, double-crosses his business partners, and decides to go into the gym business. The idea, as Joe has told him, is to "stay hungry" and enjoy life—and from hunger it is indeed.

Bridges—in a role reminiscent of his brother Beau's in *The Landlord*—does little to further his career or stretch his apparent talents as the poor little rich boy in search of something or other. But he and Sally Field, attractive as the anybody's girl, do have sporadic moments of juvenile charm. Robert Englund does a nice bit as Thor's assistant, Fannie Flagg is properly stuffy as a broad-minded belle, and Helena Kallianiotes, as a karate teacher, reprises her delightful *Five Easy Pieces* spot as a zonked-out social thinker. But it's all to small purpose in a simplistic, superficial construction, based on the sort of sophomoric social approaches that even Jerry Rubin has outgrown.

GOOD INTENTIONS and good music are the hallmarks of *Leadbelly*, Gordon Parks's biography of the great folksinger. The film is intended as an inspiring story of a man who, confident of his artistry, found himself and his individuality in a chain-gang world of savage injustice and eventually attained freedom to pass on a brilliant musical heritage before his death in 1949. As such, with an intelligent script by Ernest Kinoy based on what material is available, and with a handsome production saturated in the Louisiana-Texas locales, it details the picaresque young manhood and sobering maturity of the musician in engrossing terms. Better yet—with vocals provided by HiTide Harris for the on-screen Leadbelly, Roger E. Mosley, and with instrumental soloists David Cohen, Brownie McGhee, Dick Rosmini, and Sonny Terry contributing to the Fred Karlin score—the film is filled with music. The Leadbelly classics—"Green Corn," "Fannin Street," "Good Morning Blues," "Cotton Fields at Home," "Midnight Special," "Old Riley," and, in a questionable rendition, "Goodnight Irene"—pour forth in charm and glory.

The story is told in the context of the visit John Lomax, the musicologist and collector of folk songs, made to a Louisiana prison in 1933 to record for the Library of Congress the repertoire of a black man renowned for his backcountry songs. Leadbelly, a graying man in chains, sings his songs and recalls his early life as a carefree youth given to girls and music, forced around 1905 to leave home one step ahead of the sheriff and a pregnant girlfriend's outraged father, and seeking out the high life on Shreveport's Fannin Street. A first-class womanizer, he becomes the lover of a madame who keeps him in style, and also the top guitar man in the local saloon, where he discovered the 12-string guitar that became his instrument. After a raid on the saloon, he heads for Texas, linking up with another musician, Blind Lemon Jefferson. A brawl leads to jail, then escape, a time with a quiet woman, and then a drunken brawl that lands him a 30-year chain-gang sentence for a stabbing. Eventually he's pardoned, but he finds a world where a black man who fights to survive, let alone for his rights, often winds up back in chains.

The story is filled with incident, with light moments and deeply emotional encounters, as we see the development of a man's character and pride. Mosley, at his best as the younger Leadbelly, gives a soft, hulking fecklessness to the character—a contrast to the strong image the Leadbelly recordings have created. But it is the story, rather than the personality, that takes over, and an interesting story it is. □

Music to My Ears

The Menuhin Traveling Birthday Party

Few public performers can measure a career in terms of half a century and still be only 60 years of age. One who could, did, when the Yehudi Menuhin Traveling Birthday Party occupied Carnegie Hall in mid-April. It was, in effect, what the English call a concert party. In addition to the party part, it was a concert on the heavenly heights of Beethoven's B flat (*Archduke*) trio, and the great C minor piano quartet of Gabriel Fauré.

The mere participation of Menuhin senior in such glories of the chamber-music repertory, with his son Jeremy (now in his mid-20s) as pianist, would have made the occasion noteworthy. What made it unforgettable was the presence of Mstislav Rostropovich as anchorman in the cello parts of both works. Profits from the concert were divided evenly between the Jerusalem Foundation and Menuhin's own school for young musicians at Stoke d'Abernon, Surrey. A pair of concerts have since followed in Paris and Monte Carlo with the two Menuhins, and a third before a monster audience in Royal Albert Hall, London, with Rostropovich again participating. The profits from all of these anniversary events were also distributed to charities.

As Rostropovich's commitment to any enterprise with which he chooses to identify himself could in no circumstances be conceived as "nominal," it was assumed that he would, in Carnegie Hall, give of his art without stint. What could not have been presupposed was that he would give of himself with equal generosity. He entered, with a beaming smile, as a third to the two Menuhins in the Beethoven trio, disposing an inclusive kind of Russian warmth which—as a fellow attendant observed—suggested that he was presiding at the samovar. If the still-blond, robust violinist was a diffident guest-host for the thousands who filled the hall, Rostropovich was an expansive embodiment of host, guest, and fellow listener.

Once seated, what Rostropovich poured was far more stimulating than the brew of any samovar. It emanated

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by Irving Kolodin

A "concert party" has its rewards—Yehudi Menuhin hands check for Jerusalem Foundation to Israeli Consul General Edud Avriel.

from the depths of his own vast musical nature, as a bridge over possibly troubled waters that might swirl around a legendary father, and a son anxious to prove his right to inclusion in such a collaboration. The rich sound of the Strad on which Rostropovich performs was a beam of warmth, as well as light.

The influence of the cellist did not end with the settling power of his presence on the sometimes unsettled young pianist. Given the opportunity, in those magical moments in which Beethoven leads the hymnal adagio into the rejoicing of the finale, Rostropovich bore the major responsibility for the transition in the deep, resonant low register of the cello. Moreover, when the audience erupted in applause, he managed to isolate the guest of honor from the other participants by building a small wall of chairs between them. Then, seating himself comfortably, he motioned imperiously to Menuhin with a gesture that unmistakably commanded: "Play!" The violinist's response was a performance of the prelude to Bach's E major (unaccompanied) partita that registered high on the scale of conviction he brings to nonmusical, as well as musical, matters.

For the Fauré, the basic trio was joined by Ernst Wallfisch, a master of the viola with many prior collaborations with Menuhin to his credit. The new member settled securely into the acoustical camaraderie that had matured as the *Archduke* proceeded. This was something that had to be forged in the heat of performance, for Menuhin's output of tone is currently less than it was earlier in his career, Rostropovich sings on his instrument with Caruso-like prodigality, and Jeremy Menuhin's piano sound is brightness personified. The inclusive artistry that was evoked in the Fauré made a celebration of sorts on behalf of a work whose pulsating, fervently imagined content seldom enjoys such prominence.

The same words could be applied to the young pianist, who doubtless loathed as well as relished the opportunity to be a part of the traveling birthday party. He met the challenge courageously in the Beethoven, the fulfillment of which (in the company of a Yehudi and Mstislav) calls for something more than a Jeremy, and with artistry as well as courage in the Fauré.

In the later *Aidas* of the Metropolitan Opera's season, New York made the acquaintance of a newish dramatic soprano from Yugoslavia named Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic. By "newish" is meant that she has previously appeared in this country in San Francisco (also in Philadelphia), and with several of Europe's leading opera companies. She is somewhat short and of stocky build, but there is no doubt that she is, truly, a dramatic soprano, with a bright, strong voice capable of piercing Verdi's brassiest instrumentation. She can also reduce it skillfully to the dimensions required for such phrases as "Numi, pieta" (in two different circumstances).

What she cannot, at present, do is keep all the vowels in Italian from sounding like *e*. This gives her verbal enunciation a somewhat exotic character amid the more correct practices of what happened to be an all-North American cast.

There is, however, not only a reasonable but a demonstrable hope for Molnar-Talajic's improvement. When Zinka Milanov (who was sitting nearby on the evening of the performance I attended) first appeared in America, in the late Thirties, she too had a verbal problem. The reason, one subsequently learned, was that it was customary in Yugoslavia (the country also of her birth) to perform Italian operas in Croatian; it took some time for any singer so trained to master correct Italian.

Two works new to New York have been added to the long list to which Leonard Bernstein has given distinguished sponsorship with the Philharmonic Orchestra. One, also new to the United States, was *Suite on English Folk Tunes*, with which Benjamin Britten retuned his master's lyre in the period of recovery that followed his heart surgery in 1972. It begins with a scherzo on "Cakes and Ale" and ends with a slow movement on "Lord Melbourne." The sections in between are devoted to "The Bitter Withy," "Hankin Booby," and "Hunt the Squirrel," all treated simply, eloquently, economically, in Britten's personally poetic manner. The smallish orchestra (winds in pairs) provides a delicate palette for the most resourceful kind of tonal draftsmanship. The *vingt vignettes* give every promise of long service.

William Schuman's *Concerto on Old English Rounds* is twice as long, four times as big in sound, and six or seven times as difficult to comprehend. The work brings together a large orchestra, a female orchestra, and a solo viola player (Donald McInnes, who commissioned Schuman to compose a work for him as a result of a Ford Foundation grant). Some of the problems it poses are stylistic (audibility of the sung texts, which were, alas, not printed in the program) and some are acoustical (audibility of the viola amid the blanketing sound of chorus and orchestra).

The concerto embodies a considerable creative impulse, a good deal of richly textured tonal tapestry, a sensitivity to the basic substance not unrelated to Schuman's *New England Triptych*, and a degree of elaboration that made 40 minutes' length more than a little excessive. The concept will take a little getting used to, and may very well find its true métier in such an electronic medium as a recording. McInnes, now a member of the faculty at the University of Washington, produces a superb sound on his instrument, in a performance dignified not only by the Camerata Singers but also by Bernstein himself. □

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Television

by Karl E. Meyer

On Knowing Mr. Lear

How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-mannered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough.
—EDWARD LEAR (1871)

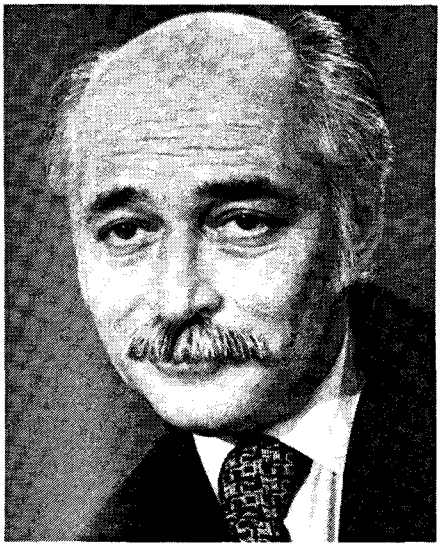
An apt quatrain for our own Mr. Lear, the most popular master of nonsense on the most ungratefully fickle of media. When Norman Lear created "All in the Family," in 1971, the received wisdom was that it was ill-mannered and queer to treat a network audience as more or less grown-up. CBS took a chance, and now Mr. Lear has eight shows on the air with a total weekly audience of 140 million, which suggests that a few find him pleasant enough.

I think it right to say a few words in praise of Mr. Lear as an otherwise disappointing television season comes to a close. With the exception of a few specials like "Eleanor and Franklin," the gains in programming quality on the networks have been in the domain of comedy. The most promising series have been either those contrived by Mr. Lear or those following in the paths he has opened. The inept cops in ABC's "Barney Miller," for example, come out of Archie Bunker's pocket. (The same is true of the excellent ABC show "Welcome Back, Kotter.") More than anyone else, Mr. Lear has made it commercially profitable for Americans to laugh at themselves.

The nature of that laughter deserves analysis. The comic center is invariably the nuclear family, notwithstanding forecasts by counterculture prophets that the family is an obsolescent fossil. The essential core of every Lear comedy is the biting backchat of husband, wife, children, and in-laws. This is the case on "The Jeffersons," "Sanford and Son," "Maude," "The Dumplings," and "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman." Typical of the byplay is the exchange between Archie Bunker's daughter Gloria, who is pregnant, and her husband Mike, who is squeamish about being at the bedside during delivery. "Can't I mind being in the room when you deliver?" protests Mike. Replies Gloria: "You didn't mind being in the room when you placed the order."

A second common motif is the open ventilation of ethnic humor. Mr. Lear has made it possible for comic series to show that the American consensus is not so fragile that the melting pot will crack if its existence is acknowledged. Thus, in the same program about Gloria's pregnancy, Mike asks his father-in-law Archie when the baby within his wife will begin to kick. "When he finds his father is a Polack," ripostes Bunker. This is followed by a purgative dialogue on the maliciousness of Polish jokes.

There is, finally, a Charles Addams streak in Norman Lear's wit. This is most apparent in "Mary Hartman," a five-day-a-week parody on soap operas so impudent the big networks wouldn't touch it—it has been sold to individual stations and has won an audience huge enough to assure its future (the *New York Post* runs a daily summary of Mary's travails, a singular tribute to the program's success). What may have been the single funniest scene on television this season was an episode of surpassing outrageousness in which a high school sports coach drowns in a bowl of chicken soup, burbling his last while Mary Hartman and the coach's wife discuss human relations.



Norman Lear—"Master of nonsense."

Mr. Lear, in short, owes more to Addams and to Ring Lardner than he does to the one-liners of Bob Hope. He has minced sacred cows with an expeditiousness matched only by McDonald's in producing hamburgers. Still, it strikes me that Norman Lear has left two realms of humor relatively untouched—politics and television itself.

It has been something of a breakthrough that NBC took a chance on "Saturday Night," a three-a-month variety show broadcast at the cautious hour of 11:30 P.M. The high point of the show is "Weekend Update," the bogus news report of a young and talented comedian whose signature line is "I'm Chevy Chase, and you're not." Mr. Chase has made a favored target of President Ford, who, on the mock newscasts, is continually stabbing himself with plastic salad forks. Though I am not as overwhelmed as other television critics by Mr. Chase's abilities, his popular success indicates that we can make freer fun of politics without the Republic crumbling. Indeed, the White House has taken the program seriously enough to dispatch press secretary Ron Nessen for a not-so-funny guest appearance.

But can we also make more fun of television itself? That is the $64 million question, to which the networks have provided only the most inscrutable answer. I would cite as an example "Monty Python's Flying Circus," the BBC series that proved to be the single most popular program of its kind ever aired on public television, despite fears that its humor was too special, and too British, to appeal to an American audience. A stock figure in the "Python" programs is the pompous BBC announcer, who makes inane announcements while the screen jiggles with surreal images.

(So popular was "Monty Python" that ABC took a flier and bought some programs for its "Wide World of Entertainment" series. But the program's English creators promptly sued ABC for excising segments and expurgating the shows, the result being a legal imbroglio hilariously described in a *New Yorker* article, "Naughty Bits," by Hendrik Hertzberg. The article, which appeared in the March 29 issue, was the best report I have seen on television all year.)

So far as the networks are concerned, the fun stops at the program executive's desk. Mr. Lear has a final challenge facing him. Why not a series on television itself—the ultimate in audacity? How about a series, set on Madison Avenue, dealing with the people who make the commercials that intrude degradingly into everything we see? A truly wild idea, I'm sure, but I have abiding faith in the comic genius of our own Mr. Lear. □

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Fresh Faces and First Encounters

Instrumental

Dvořák: Piano Concerto in G minor, Opus 33 (Columbia). This must be described as a seldom performed rather than a neglected work, for its occasional appearances in the concert hall regularly leave one unconvinced that it deserves more frequent performances. For that matter, the present interpretation—by Justus Frantz, with Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic—does not breathe new air into its less than typically appealing Dvořák patterns. Frantz is a Polish-born, German-trained pianist in his mid-30s, and his recent opportunities—including this recording—strike me as disproportionate to his modest talents. The recording, incidentally, is more reminiscent of the dry sound of the "live" performance than of the bright sound possible in Columbia's studio (the identified locale).

Milhaud: Saudades do Brazil, Trois Rag-Caprices, Le Printemps (Nonesuch). The late Darius Milhaud had so many identities —symphonist, opera composer, teacher, writer—that it is sometimes forgotten he wrote some of the most original, infectious, and beguiling piano music of this century. William Bolcom is especially qualified to repair the current gap in the recorded literature because he brings to the project, in addition to the wit and vitality of his playing of Scott Joplin, the insight derived from six years' study (1958–64) with the composer. All his involvements have given Bolcom the ability to thread a line of connection from Debussy's "Golliwog's Cake Walk" and "Minstrels" to Milhaud's "Rag-Caprices," and weave into the fabric the colorful, masterful pieces Milhaud wrote (in 1920–21) when he was attached to the staff of Ambassador Paul Claudel in Rio.

Mozart: Symphony No. 35 (Haffner); Overtures to Le Nozze di Figaro, Die Zauberflöte, and Don Giovanni (Columbia). As this is described as the "recording debut" of Antonia Brico, the lady whose conducting debut dates to the Thirties must be described as a "new face" within the usage pursued in these columns. Her conducting of the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra is sure-handed and propulsive, especially in the trio of overtures: each has the character pertinent to the opera of which it is a part. The *Haffner*, however, fares less well. Brico's conception is more than a little choppy and rhythmically tight, the sequence of a whole not realized within the movements, or in the four as a totality.

Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake excerpts (Everest). Leif Segerstam is a young Scandinavian conductor whose primary identity in this country is as an occasional conductor at the Metropolitan of such an opera as Puccini's *La Bohème*, which he also directed on its Japanese tour last summer. In that capacity he can be described as routinely efficient, but with little hint of latent individuality. Perhaps he was mis-chosen as an opera conductor, for this random ballet record shows thorough familiarity with the score, a sure grasp of rhythmic detail, and a variety of other attributes. Some of the climaxes are boisterous, and not all the 14 sections fare equally well, but the total impression is more than favorable. The segments are the expectably familiar ones.

Opera

Bellini: I Capuleti e I Montecchi (Angel). An unrecorded, major work of Bellini has good reason to be added to the catalog, but the first of the good reasons should be a cast wholly capable of dealing with its vocal demands with style and facility. Despite the names, the leading trio of Janet Baker (Romeo), Beverly Sills (Giulietta), and Nicolai Gedda (Tebaldo) are all beset by shortcomings at some points of the score.

Gedda, for example, is no part of the *tenore robusto* required in the first act; Baker has the Italianate warmth of neither voice nor temperament a Romeo requires (and which Giulietta Simionato provided at a concert version in Carnegie Hall in 1964); and Sills is shrill and unsteady in the high register, where much of her music lies. However, the score does come around, in its later phases, to the greater advantage of the singers as the writing by Bellini progresses from florid to gravely, flowingly tragic in the long tomb scene. Robert Lloyd (Capellio) and Raimund Herincx (Lorenzo) are uncommonly good in the smaller parts of a cast conducted with care and animation by Giuseppe Patanè.

Vocal

Elena Obraztsova: Operatic Recital (Columbia). Virtue No. 1 on this disc is the presence of such little-recorded matter as "Adieu forêts" from Tchaikovsky's *Jeanne d'Arc*, Marpha's fortune-telling scene from Mussorgsky's *Khovanshchina*, and excerpts from Rimsky-Korsakov's *Tsar's Bride* and *Kashchei, the Deathless*. Virtue No. 2 is their idiomatic performance by mezzo Elena Obraztsova, a standout among the singers of the Bolshoi who visited America last summer. Vocal inconsistencies are to be expected by Russian singers in pursuit of verbal explication of texts: Obraztsova's are sometimes destructive of vocal precision in the upper register, but a sense of meaning and purpose is always present. The second side, devoted to the mezzo literature of Saint-Saëns, Donizetti ("O mio Fernando"), and Verdi ("O don fatale"), doesn't measure up to Western standards. Boris Khaikin and Odyssei Dimitriadi share the conducting.

Miscellaneous

Mike Wofford: Scott Joplin: Interpretations '76 (Flying Dutchman). The finger facility and good musical taste of pianist Mike Wofford are more conspicuous here than is the basic material by Joplin. A native of San Antonio, Tex., who grew up in San Diego, Calif., Wofford is just beginning to make a name for himself on the West Coast for his mastery of embellishments demonstrated in such material as "A Real Slow Drag," "Frolic of the Bears," and excerpts from *Treemonisha*. It is hardly necessary for Wofford to identify himself as a devotee of Art Tatum; the affinity is clear in every measure he plays. But it covers the good strong strain of individuality in Joplin like varnish on a rough-hewn, unpainted floor. Chuck Domanico, bass, and drummer Shelly Manne participate in two of the eight tracks.

The Eddie Hazell Trio: Take Your Shoes Off, Baby (Monmouth Evergeen). Hazell is the kind of soft-voiced, melody-loving singer who hardly begins to function before midnight. In addition to the title tune, made famous by Gene Austin, he is properly partial to the Gershwins' "Oh, Lady Be Good," Rodgers and Hart's "Little Girl Blue," A. Jobim's "Wave," and like matter. Bernie Taylor, bass, and Lou Slingerland, drums, give just the right percussive frame for Hazell's voice and guitar to make a pub of any man's living room.

Lonnie Liston Smith & The Cosmic Echoes (Flying Dutchman). If Claude Thornhill's "Snowflakes" can be cited as one antecedent of Lonnie Liston Smith's "Quiet Dawn," and Kurt Weill's "Speak Low When You Speak Love" as another, it is merely to locate his tonal preferences on a scale of durable values. The single-finger piano (or electric piano or celesta) is artfully combined with flutes, bass, congo percussion, etc., to produce a lulling but ingenious pattern of sound. An occasional vocal input (solo and small ensemble) makes for variety. I.K.

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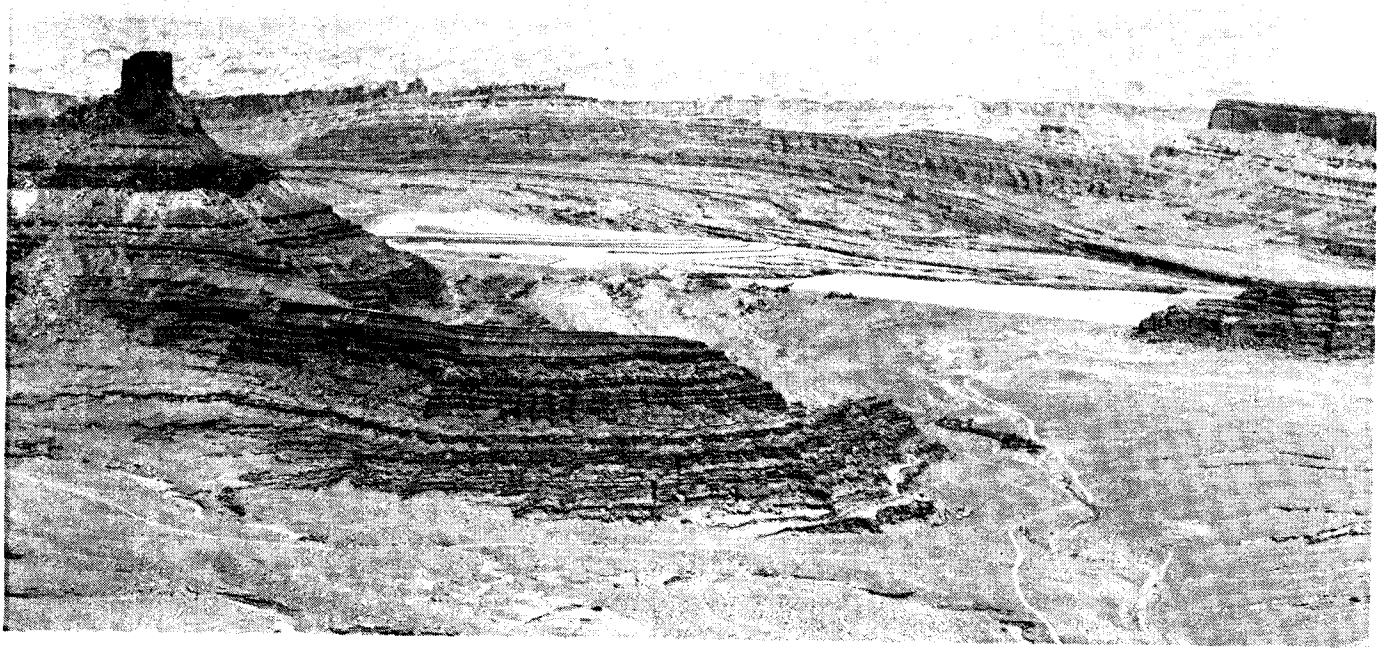
Out Where the Rock Hounds Bay



by Horace Sutton

Strange bedfellows gather in the motels of Moab, a modest crossroads south and east of Salt Lake, at the headwaters of Utah's national-park country. For one thing there are the rock hounds sniffing about the premises for anything from a dinosaur bone to a chunk of live uranium. For another there are the moviemakers who are enthralled by the scenery. There are the part-time adventurers who enroll in river-raft trips that ride the Colorado. And finally there are the rock contemplators who sign up for jeep safaris that wander through Arches National Park, to the north, or Canyonlands National Park, to the south, or who take their own rigs into the comparatively upholstered precincts called Dead Horse Point State Park, which permits transient lodgers to pitch a tent or park a trailer under the pines.

One day, when the Utah sky was a Tiepolo fantasy, I tagged along with Mitchell Williams, who operates a safari enterprise which he persists in calling Tag-A-Long Tours. He puts river rafts on the rapids, launches small boats on the Colorado, and sends four-wheel-drive safari vehicles into the back country of Canyonlands and the refined roads of Arches.

On the way out of town, the day I set out with him in a new Japanese-built safari wagon, we paused by the riverbank to watch one of Mitch's float trips board a flotilla of inflated crafts for the four-day ride downstream. Tenderfeet from the cities and farmers from the plains, they had paid $210 per person to slide down the Colorado, camp out on the riverbank in the deep shade of the canyon walls, and exist on the culinary marvels cooked by the outfitters on camp stoves.

For river rafters the Colorado is a highway that rises in Rocky Mountain National Park, in Colorado, and slices off a corner of southeast Utah as it winds its way through the canyons. It skirts the edge of the Navajo Indian reservation before it plunges into Arizona on its way to cool the bottom of the Grand Canyon, where the mule trains from the rim come to meet it. The river stops to play at the recreational center at Lake Mead, crosses into Mexico, and then at last tumbles, presumably exhausted, into the Gulf of California.

As the rafters pushed away from shore for four nights under the stars, our own land safari followed the river road, stopping soon to inspect the art some early Indians had pecked into the red sandstone—symbols that stood for warriors, mountain sheep, bison, deer, and snakes. This was the record left by the Southern Fremont culture, which thrived here from A.D. 600 to 1300, then was driven away by a drought. The cliff dwellers, who built shelters like those at Mesa Verde, came earlier. If one can put faith in the borings of logs, the last house was constructed here in about 1280.

This was dinosaur country, and the wind-wizened guides of these parts like to point out monster tracks estimated to be 65 million years old. In town the rock shops, catering to a dedicated clientele, proffer gizzard stones, which were employed by dinosaurs to masticate food as chickens use pebbles.

We followed the river to Musselman Arch, a thin rock flange stretched across a chasm that measures 125 feet from bridge to bottom. Some guides walk on it, and in his pointed-toe, high-heel cowboy boots, Mitch elected to take such a promenade, with a little dance thrown in. The new vehicle, on its first outing, groaned up the switchbacks of Shafer Trail to the ranger station at The Neck.

If there had been any doubt, it was apparent now that we were not in a park that in any way resembled Yosemite or Yellowstone. The rangers operate from a parked trailer, two of them on duty for four months, two others here for eight months, and another two assigned for the entire year. The official brochure bears a

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hand stamp that says WARNING. HAZARDOUS TERRAIN THROUGHOUT THE PARK. USE CAUTION.

A flier on safety tips handed to visitors includes the following advice:

Do not hike or climb alone, and stay on trails. Summer daytime temperatures can reach 110° F., and without water, survival is doubtful.

During thunderstorms stay away from washes and low-lying areas, and be aware of flash floods. Never camp in the bottom of a wash.

When hiking over sandstone, be very careful, as small grains of sand act as roller bearings under your shoes. Injurious falls have occurred.

Watch your children. Children can become lost in seconds. Keep close tabs on them for their safety. Keep them away from ledges.

If you become lost, stay where you are. The park is criss-crossed with steep canyons and cliffs, and wandering will endanger your life and make finding you extremely difficult.

Poisonous snakes (rattlesnakes) and scorpions are residents of the park. Watch for them.

Don't lock children or pets in cars in the direct sunlight. The extreme heat can kill them.

Watch your step if you take pictures near cliffs. Loss of balance while one looks through a viewfinder (or binoculars) is common, and fatal falls can occur.

And after all that comes the tag line: "Have a safe visit!"

Except for a source near Squaw Flat Campground, in the Needles section in the south, there is no water in the park. No services of any kind are available, not gas, tools, nor emergency supplies. Routes are marked for two-wheel-drive vehicles, and others are passable only for those equipped with four-wheel drive. Sometimes rainstorms make four-wheel-drive routes impassable. Washouts and rockslides often block the southeast side, and the official instructions suggest that adventurers entering from the northwest examine the southeast route with binoculars before setting out.

For all that, the rewards in scenery are tremendous. The Green River and the Colorado, grinding away at the rock and swishing away cubic miles of sand and silt, have burrowed at least 100 miles of canyons that are a half-mile deep. Indians lived in the campsites 900 years ago, and cowboys and sheepherders cut the first roads and trails.

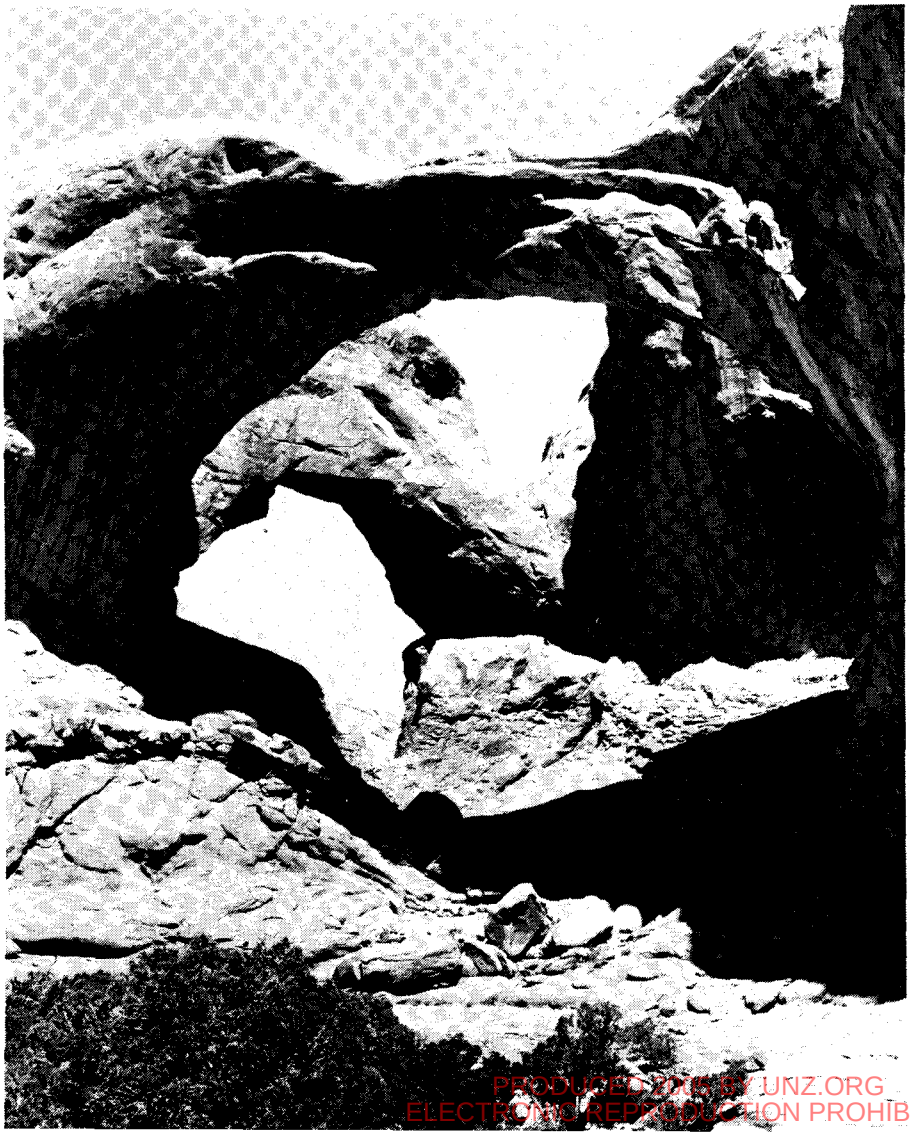
The settlers who invaded these spare lands were harassed not only by the elements but by such nefarious frontiersmen as Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, who settled in a place that came to be known as Robbers' Roost, a lair from which they embarked on assorted horse-stealing sorties. They left their mark on the maps as well as in the memories, for one comes upon such places as Horsethief Bottom, Horsethief Springs, Horsethief Trail, and Horsethief Point. The steeds stolen from the settlers in Utah were driven into the mining areas of southwest Colorado. At Silverton the rustled cattle were sold for gold.

The ranger station at The Neck stands at 5,800 feet, the narrow entranceway to the Island in the Sky, a vast rock plateau at 6,000 feet cut off from the world by the canyon reamed by the Colorado, to the east, and by the Green River, to the west. With a fence 30 feet long stretched across The Neck, the cowboys could enclose a 20,000-acre pen. There was greenery enough, for even now the rock cress, the twist flowers, and the scorpion weed arrive with the spring, and June brings wire lettuce, skeleton weed, and dwarf lupine.

OTHER PLATEAUS surrounded by canyon moats served the cowboys as corrals. At Dead Horse Point the herded animals were broken for use and the best of them then driven to the profitable markets to the east. In every lot there were a few unsound horses, and these culls were sometimes left to die of thirst, agonizingly in sight of water flowing in the rivers below, far from their reach. So Dead Horse Point got its name, and swashbuckling as it now seems, it serves also as the name of an attractive state park not far from Moab.

Compared to Canyonlands National Park, which it abuts, Dead Horse Point State Park is upholstered civilization. Campsites are arranged at selected viewpoints. Each has a grill, built-in cupboards, a long dining table, drinking water, and an electric light. Piñon and

The view from Dead Horse Point, left, and the scene at the Arches, below —Gizzard stones, scorpions, washouts, rockslides, and the Sundance Kid.
Photographs: H.S.



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juniper are everywhere, although out here the juniper ground cover is called cedar. Charcoal briquettes can be bought, 10 pounds of ice sells for a dollar, and the visitors' center, 35 miles from downtown Moab and 5,600 feet in the sky, is air-conditioned.

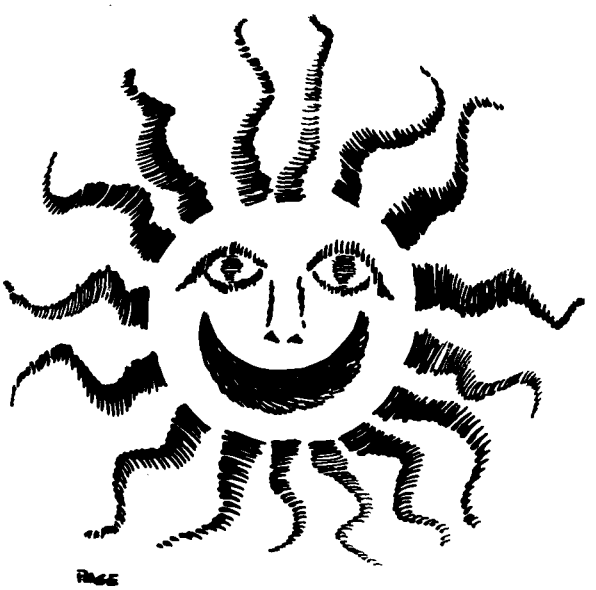
Ravens ride the wind currents, yellow matchweed grows in clusters—a convenience to the fire starter, for the bush bursts into flame when set with a match. Mormon tea preserves moisture, as the early settlers were to discover, and the desert bighorn were a source of mutton. From a parapet at Dead Horse, the view sweeps off in a tremendous panorama to the muddy Colorado and to the vats of Texasgulf's potash plant, a patchwork of all the gradations of blue from pale sky to deep indigo.

Arches National Park, just outside Moab, is a different sort of preserve. It is new, having been established in 1971, but it is easy to see, a drive-in park for anyone staying in Moab. The views of the red rock formations are spectacular—soaring double arches, monoliths, and the inevitable balanced rock. The weird formations, as they so often do, have led to imaginative names—the Courthouse Towers, monoliths left there when other stone eroded; Park Avenue, giant slabs that seem to some to resemble the flat apartment walls that face New York's elegant boulevard; the Three Gossips, rocks that look like three women huddled together, perhaps, if one allows the imagination a long leash, whispering in one another's ears.

This is high desert resting on a layer of salt that is a mile thick. Jackrabbits, chipmunks, and antelope squirrels live here now, although a museum at the ranger station displays fragments of dinosaur bone, imprints of fins on the rock walls, and the outline of seashells in fossils. The ancestors of the Ute were here as early as 9000 B.C., and the Ute themselves held the land into modern times. It was they who drove out the settlers who came in 1855, and indeed there was no white settlement here until 100 years ago. John Wesley Wolfe, who lived in Ohio and was disabled in the Civil War, came out here to live in 1888. His daughter brought her husband to the homestead on the scruffy, remote land, and they raised two children in the early 1900s, subsisting largely on rabbits and the spring water, a quarter of a mile way. The old corral is still in place, and so is a cabin and an ancient wagon that look as if they had recently been abandoned, although Wolfe left here in 1910.

The road ends at Devil's Garden, a campground, 18 miles from the entrance, with a spectacular view. Although the road ends, the scenery goes on and on, if one wants to continue along the foot trails that lead to, among other sites, Landscape Arch, a span of 300 feet, which is believed to be the longest natural bridge in the world.

All this natural landscape brings not only those whose joy is contemplating vistas but also moviemakers down from



the Hollywoods in search of location scenery. In that pursuit the Moab area competes with Monument Valley, 150 miles to the south, in Arizona and Utah. Monument Valley, while scenically attractive, also has resident Indians, which Moab has not, but Moab offers an antipasto of mountain peaks, river scenes, and high desert, and sometimes the Indians are brought here. Richard Boone rolled *Against the Crooked Sky*; John Wayne did *The Comancheros*. Moab's credits also include *Cheyenne Autumn* and *The Greatest Story Ever Told*.

Like all itinerants, movie companies must use the existing motels. The selection is limited, and the style is not exactly about to revolutionize the art of roadside hotelkeeping. Travelodge is a cellblock of rooms set in double tiers with a pair of double beds in each room. Its Golden Spike Restaurant is overnamed, for it is little more than a coffeehouse. Green Well Motel, in a more artfully landscaped setting, which is to say it has some trees and bushes, has 41 rooms done in motel provincial—white headboards, cool green-and-blue decor. The restaurant can offer both Chinese and Mexican fare. By Chinese I imply no comparison with banquets held in the Great Hall of the People, for the culinary accomplishments lean rather to chow mein, egg foo yung, and fried shrimp.

Ramada has 83 rooms, half of them in a new wing. Its parlor of nourishment can do steaks, hamburgers, chicken, and fish, and it is equipped to set fire to frozen veal cutlets. Breakfast redeems the fare with hot grits on every plate. Rooms in the motels average about $25 for two.

Independent restaurants outside the motels do exist, although I came away with the impression that they may not have been marked for long life. An exception is the Sundowner, which is dark and homespun. It isn't going to win any stars, but you aren't going to come away with terminal scurvy, either.

The handiwork of the Zuni, the Navajo, and the Ute is on display at Canyonlands Trading Post, and if you are about to deal in that ware, better bring a bundle. The Moab Rock Shop might prove less expensive and more fun even if one is not a card-carrying rock hound. Petrified dinosaur bones are sold by the pound and are cheaper than hamburger. Azurite is a handsome form of copper ore, and then there is peacock coral, fossil coral, pigeon-blood agate, and dozens of other rocks that can be polished to become bright keepsakes.

A quarter, which won't get you past a tollbooth in the region in which I live, will buy a hot sample of uranium ore, enough to show up on a Geiger counter or fog a camera if it is laid nearby. Uranium was a boom-time ore here in the 1950s, when miners switched from vanadium—an industrial ore used to harden steel—and fortunes were made, and as soon lost.

Perhaps the flakiest souvenirs in the shop are the gizzard stones, slick and greasy to the touch, swallowed by dinosaurs so they could grind their food. It seems a far-out system of mastication, but if you were an 80-foot diplodocus, with a huge body, a small head, and no teeth, and nobody could fit you with dentures, what else was there to do? □

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Reading Between the Lies

There is a widely held contention that because of the recent Washington scandals, voters have lost so much respect for the Presidency and for government in general that they are taking anything a politician says in the current primaries with a grain of aspirin.

And it didn't help dissipate their apathy when, a few days before the first primary, there was a headline on the front page of *The New York Times*, a local newspaper: NIXON TO VISIT CHINA; FORD REPORTED IRRITATED. The story went on to report that on the birth date of George Washington, father of our country, a trip to Peking would be made by Richard Nixon, father of Julie and Tricia.

That electrified the electorate, who through the past four years had developed the highly sensitive art of reading between the lies. Why this trip just before the first primary? If he was going there only to eat a Chinese dinner, don't we all know that an hour later he would be hungry again? For power?

Even the Republicans in Congress were asking questions. Couldn't he take a slow boat to China and return on the first Wednesday following the first Tuesday in November? Barry Goldwater was more kindly disposed. "I wish," he said, "he would stay there."

Only one man kept his cool. President Ford, despite the *Times* report that he was irritated, pardoned the ex-President out of force of habit, saying Mr. Nixon is a private citizen, and as far as Ford was concerned, he could go to wherever.

The *Times* covered every day of Nixon's visit, with photographs showing so many toasts being hoisted that it became difficult to read a damp paragraph without an olive and a twist of lemon.

The electorate lapped it up. This was the kind of sleazy politicizing to which they had been programmed to react. When the Nixon diversion had run its course, voters turned a jaundiced eye on the early primaries, where a dozen self-anointed candidates were hustling the hustings explaining to anyone who would listen why they would make a better President than you or I would.

Things didn't get any better when the political analysts began raining on our parade with their predictions that if Jackson won in Massachusetts, that would be good for Humphrey; and if Carter won in Florida, that would be bad for Wallace; and if Ford won in Vermont, that would be good for Ron Nessen.

Citizens were further irritated when their favorite TV programs were interrupted by such bulletins as Carter and Wallace are running neck and neck somewhere. When you're watching gorgeous policewoman Angie Dickinson in a tight sweater and slacks, who cares about watching Carter and Wallace necking?

THINGS BEGAN getting a bit nastier when Ronald Reagan came down Mount Sinai bearing a set of stone tablets with a new and improved eleventh commandment: "No Republican shall speak ill of a fellow Republican." Overlooking the fact that by his very announcement of running against Ford, Reagan was speaking ill of a fellow Republican.

After Ford had won the first four primaries, it became apparent to the voters that Reagan was miscast. They all knew that the part of Moses is always played by Charlton Heston.

Besides, the symmetry of the Ten Commandments had been destroyed. As I dimly remember, there were always five of the shalt-nots in column A, and the other five, on coveting and false witnessing, in column B. But now there was this eleventh commandment hanging awkwardly off the left side. Excuse me, Mr. Reagan, off the right side.

When Ford won his fifth primary, he jauntily suggested that Reagan quit the race. Then Reagan politely said, Oh, yeah? Let Ford quit the race. This philosophic colloquy, while not one of your better Lincoln-Douglas debates, led suspicious voters to wonder whether if either of them became President he would appoint the other his Vice-President.

Things got so bad that Henry Kissinger entered the fray, attacking the Democratic candidates, challenging them to explain how *they* would handle Russia or the Middle East or Cuba or the United Nations or Angola or Jane Fonda.

The *Times* reported that it was a fighting speech and described Kissinger as a belligerent man who had taken off the gloves. But doubting voters read between the lies, noting that Mr. Kissinger had not taken off his glasses. And everybody knows that nobody hits a man wearing glasses.

Then suddenly Reagan won a primary. He at least was now President of North Carolina. But President Ford responded to that the very next morning on television. He gave his candidacy a shot in the arm by promising flu shots to all 212 million Americans to combat an expected epidemic.

The President didn't go so far as to threaten to veto flu, but he seemed to be promising that if his administration couldn't cut unemployment, reduce inflation, and provide more housing, quality education, and clean air, by next winter he would see to it that we would at least suffer in good health.

Personally, if you're interested, I'm so busy reading between the lies that I'm still undecided. But I have one hope—that Congress will pass a bill stating that no matter who wins, Betty Ford stays on as First Lady. □

"I really hate the idea of the physical universe winding down, don't you?"

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Stop Shopping Shops

In "Light Refractions" of March 20 I discussed a campaign being waged by a gentleman named Frank Littler. Mr. Littler has been writing letters to advertisers complaining about their use of such slogans as "More people fly Delta between Chicago and Florida than all other airlines combined." He says it should be ". . . than *have flown* all other airlines combined."

I took the position that Mr. Littler was fighting for a lost cause, and I implied that the cause was not really very important, as advertising deals in quick, colloquial messages in which good grammar is unnecessary and might actually be detrimental.

I heard from Dr. Lois DeBakey, whom I have long admired. She disagrees with me, saying, "My ideas on the 'more than any other' issue are influenced by my conviction that clear thinking and clear expression are interdependent. Like you, I consider language partly as a functional social instrument, but some grammatical principles have a basis in rationality, and those I try to observe. There is something wrong with the logic of 'More people have flown Delta . . . than all other airlines.' The perpetrator of that illogic is comparing people with airlines, an unfair comparison. Many will say that as long as one is understood, it is pedantic to be overly concerned about the grammatical integrity of statements. My conviction, based on many years of dealing with writers in the medical sciences, is that careless expressions such as the one cited encourage a general carelessness in verbal expression, from which, alas, ambiguity and actual misstatement may result. The average person, I am afraid, is unable to tell when ignoring the 'rules' is safe and when it leads to failure of communication."

That is a very persuasive argument.

Mr. Littler told me that a great many of the people he's written to not only are unwilling to change their ways but are unable to see anything even slightly wrong with their ways. He and Dr. DeBakey are right. It's one thing to break the rules in order to achieve an effect; it's quite another not to know that the rules exist.

Mr. John Dentay, of Ontario, wrote that he was disappointed in that column because no one said anything about the expression "fly Delta." "'To fly a plane,'" he says, "will continue to mean being a pilot." He compares "flying Delta" to "shopping a store," as does Mrs. Caroline K. Fenn, of Oberlin, Ohio, who says, "I fly, when I must, 'with Delta' or 'on Delta'; and I shop 'at Halle's' or 'in Halle's.' When I see or hear 'until you shop Higbee's,' my nerves twitch. . . . I blame United Airlines for starting this horrid usage with its 'Fly United' slogan."

Except, perhaps, on commercials, I've never heard anyone say he was going to "fly" Delta or United or any other airline. I've heard "We're going by TWA" or "We're taking National" or something like that. Never, no matter how they try to persuade me, will I say I'm going to fly National, and no matter how adorably airworthy their stewardesses are—no matter how persuasively they importune me—I'll never fly one of them.

I think that what United asks us to do is to fly its friendly skies. Flying the skies, rather than flying *in* the skies, still bothers me a bit. It shouldn't, really. After all, we sail the seven seas, and we walk the earth, so we'll undoubtedly get used to flying the skies.

As for "shopping a store," I don't know how that absurd locution came into being. Doesn't everyone say, "Shop *at* the Smart Mart"? Everyone not connected with advertising, that is?

My more modern dictionaries list *shop* as a transitive verb. *Random House* gives as a transitive meaning for *shop*, "to seek or examine goods, property, etc., offered for sale in or by: *She's shopping the shoe stores this afternoon.*"

I've never heard anyone say anything like that. Maybe it's the result of my having led a sheltered life, but everyone I know would say, "She's shopping for shoes," or, more likely, "She's out looking for a pair of shoes."

Webster's Third gives as one of its examples of the transitive *shop*, "[shop] our quality stock of . . . mink capes—advt." Now you're talking! "Shop our stock of minks" is a phrase you'd expect in an advertisement. What real people do is "look over" the stock of minks.

I'm presuming to speak for Mrs. Fenn and Mr. Dentay when I say that when a store asks us to shop it or to shop its stock, the chances are excellent that we'll shop around for another store. □

"You've been swallowing too many pebbles while practicing your diction, Demosthenes—now don't go in the water!"

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(Guest Editorial: *continued from page 5)*
effort must be made to maintain secrecy. Guidelines must be set. Most Americans would insist, as a minimum, on a total taboo on assassination—and on undeclared war, that is, one not first approved by Congress. The joint committee itself could decide what should be approved by Congress as a whole. The agency devoted exclusively to intelligence should be an open operation, staffed by professionals. It should need little "cover." Covert operations beyond intelligence should be conducted by some new, anonymous agency reporting directly to the President. Any undeclared wars tacitly approved by Congress should be run by a branch of the military, upon whose expertise it would draw.

Most important, however, we must understand that today's world cannot be manipulated by us in such an obvious way. A prominent CIA official once bragged to me that their operations had saved 13 countries from communism. He did not mention countries where we are considered the enemy as a result of abortive CIA operations. We win dubiously in Chile, but we lose in Cambodia. We give Soviet arms to the Kurds and use the resulting appearance of Soviet intervention to justify furnishing arms to Iran. We give arms to Holden Roberto in Angola, and when the Soviet-backed Popular Front appears stronger, we feel compelled to raise the ante. What is cause and what is effect? How do you win such a game?

I recently heard a leading English journalist berate America for sabotaging our CIA just when it could have won the struggle against communism in Portugal. Does anyone really think a few million dollars can control the destiny of 10 million people?

If we are to produce the open and wise policies that will earn for us the place in the world we deserve, we must first rid ourselves of the delusion that we can win by the cheap and easy way of covert manipulation. At the same time, we must regroup and reform our varied intelligence activities—building what is appropriate into an independent and a respected arm of our government. When we venture into the murky area beyond, we should do so under new auspices, strict guidelines, and complete responsibility—not just to the President but, through the Congress, to the American people. For it is they who will have to pay the price of any failures, as they have done in Vietnam. □

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VACATIONS

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Answer to Fraser Young *Literary Crypt No. 59* (see page 39): Murder is always a mistake; one should never do anything that one cannot talk about after dinner. —Wilde

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Double-Crostic No. 99

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 F	2 L	3 P	4 S		5 P		6 M	7 H	8 N	9 U		10 G	11 S	12 Y	13 X	14 N															
15 F	16 D	17 T	18 U		19 C	20 Y		21 Y	22 L	23 D	24 O	25 Q	26 E	27 U	28 M		29 W														
30 N	31 H	32 J		33 T	34 Y	35 H		36 R		37 B	38 S		39 G	40 U	41 K		42 Y														
43 U	44 I	45 N		46 R		47 H	48 L	49 O	50 U		51 T		52 Y	53 M	54 K		55 A														
56 F	57 P	58 U		59 U	60 C		61 W	62 N	63 K		64 Y	65 X	66 A	67 D	68 O		69 M														
70 V	71 B		72 W	73 D	74 Q	75 C	76 G	77 I	78 A	79 R	80 J	81 P	82 E	83 N		84 C	85 U														
86 M	87 L		88 V	89 B	90 K	91 Q		92 T	93 O	94 E	95 F	96 Q		97 E	98 C	99 V															
100 A	101 N	102 M	103 W		104 O	105 W	106 B	107 L	108 G		109 E	110 B		111 C	112 W	113 D															
114 I	115 P	116 R	117 Q	118 C	119 H		120 G	121 J	122 R	123 F	124 I		125 X	126 R		127 Y															
128 Y	129 G	130 W	131 L	132 A	133 I	134 T		135 K	136 Q	137 J	138 N	139 E	140 S	141 B	142 U	143 R															
144 U	145 Y	146 B	147 G	148 Q	149 I	150 C		151 B	152 E	153 U	154 O	155 Y	156 P	157 C	158 K		159 D														
160 E		161 F	162 H	163 L	164 R	165 Q	166 V	167 P	168 T		169 D	170 Y	171 M	172 I	173 O	174 T															
175 E	176 X		177 Y	178 G	179 L		180 C	181 W	182 S	183 O	184 I	185 B	186 H	187 Q	188 T	189 D	190 N														
191 E	192 U		193 S	194 X		195 T	196 E	197 I	198 O	199 G	200 V																				

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Old alluvial deposit	55 66 78 100 132
B. Slip, shake	146 185 110 37 71 89 106 141 151
C. Use; calling	157 180 60 84 118 150 19 75 98 111
D. Manifests	113 73 169 189 159 16 23 67
E. "Our true ____ is mankind" (Wells, *Outline of History*)	82 97 139 152 175 191 26 94 109 196 160
F. Cricket bat	1 56 95 123 161 15
G. English inventor of the spinning jenny (1732–92)	39 76 108 120 199 129 147 178 10
H. Unfair attack (2 wds.)	31 35 47 162 186 7 119
I. Ancient Greek festival in honor of Apollo	124 133 149 184 197 77 114 172 44
J. Hoodlike cap	80 121 137 32
K. Suspect food additive (2 wds.)	90 135 158 41 54 63
L. Birthplace of J. S. Bach	87 131 163 179 22 48 107 2
M. Warmly polite	53 69 86 102 171 6 28
N. "We'll hand in hand,/And with our sprightly port make ____ gaze" (2 wds., *Antony and Cleopatra*)	45 14 30 83 62 190 8 101 138
O. Establish	183 49 104 154 24 68 93 173 198
P. Make faulty; mar	57 81 156 5 115 167 3
Q. Commendable, worthy of imitation; illustrative, typical	91 136 148 25 74 165 187 117 96
R. Lower in station, rank; less important or excellent	36 79 126 143 116 46 164 122
S. Ithacan who supplied Telemachus with a ship to search for Odysseus	182 193 140 38 11 4
T. Tough, vigorous, virile (comp.)	17 33 195 92 51 174 188 168 134
U. Under trying circumstances or conditions (3 wds.)	85 40 27 43 9 142 144 59 50 153 18 58 192
V. Styles, fashions	88 70 99 166 200
W. Variety of quartz, used as a gem	181 130 72 61 112 103 29 105
X. Another name for Kérkyra	13 125 176 194 65
Y. Arab geographer (1179–1229; full name)	20 127 64 12 177 145 128 34 155 52 170 42 21

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 98* appears on page 34.

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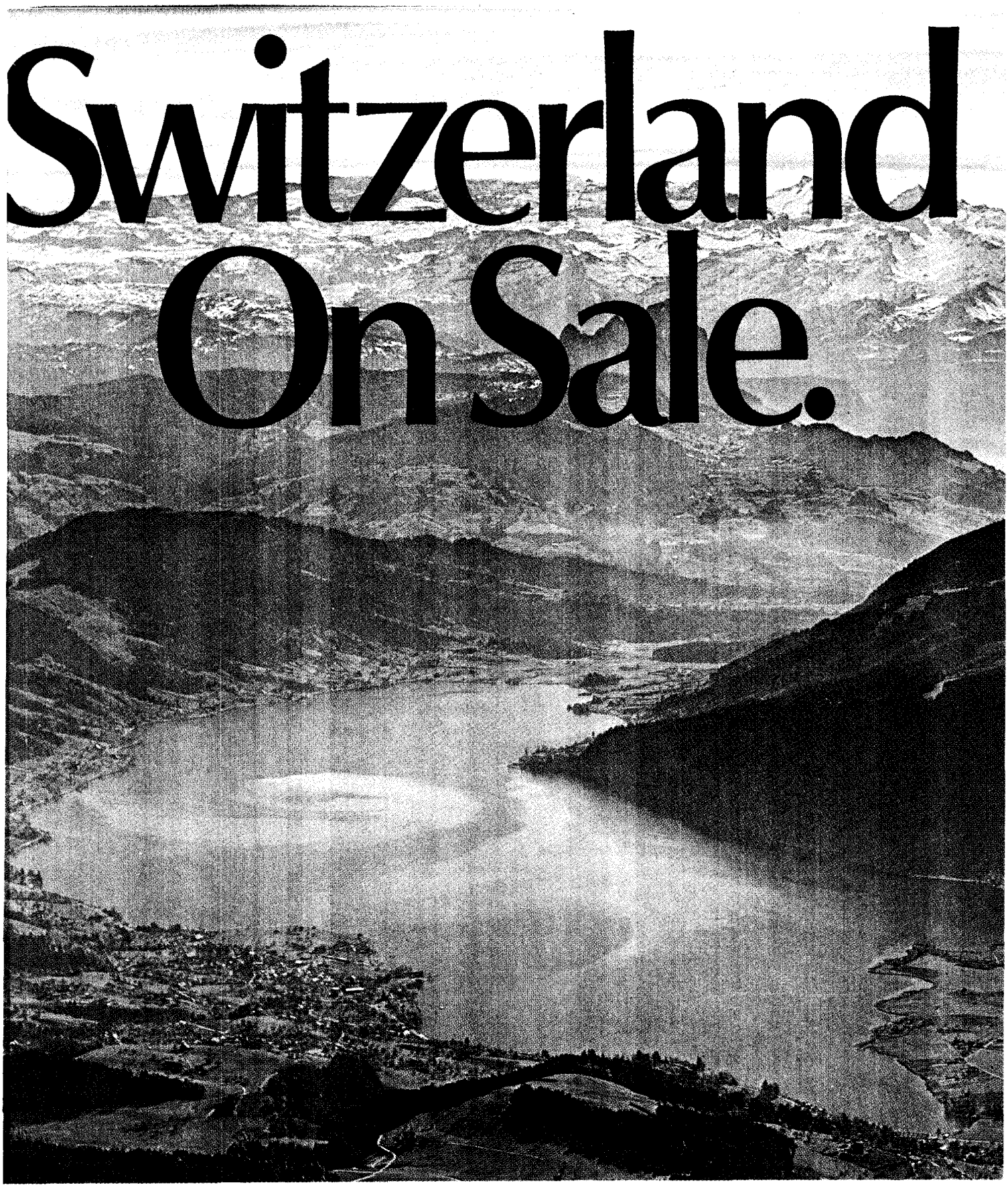

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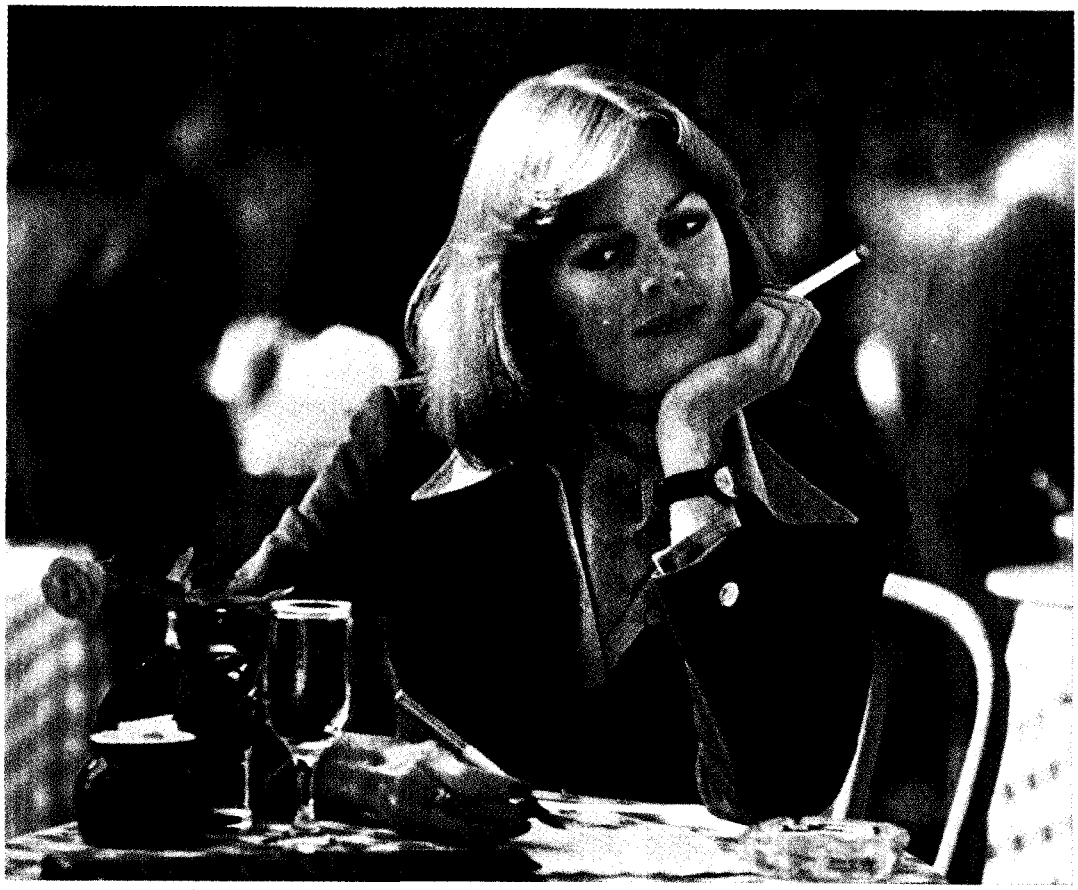
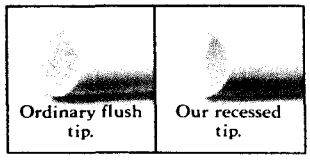
The thoughtful choice in low-tar smoking.



The low-tar cigarette with the recessed tip.



Most low-tar cigarettes are flush-tipped. So tar buildup is flat against your lips.

But Parliament has the recessed tip. That means tar buildup never touches your lips. All you get is that neat, clean taste.

So if you're trying to find a low-tar cigarette that tastes good, why not choose the one with the difference, Parliament with the recessed tip.

Parliament

Box: 14 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine—
Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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